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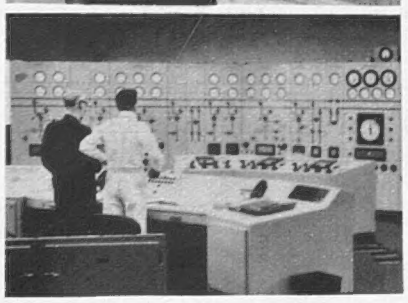
Russell Beardsworth is superintendent of Aberthaw Power Station, South Wales—one of 230 superintendents working for the Central Electricity Generating Board. He is responsible for over 400 men and for equipment worth millions of pounds: equipment that must be kept running at peak efficiency so that the cost per unit of electricity stays as low as possible.



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Russell Beardsworth sums up: "Whenever a problem arises, I make a point of explaining the situation as fully and frankly as possible. Once you've got people sympathetic, you're halfway home."

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Volume CCXLIX No. 3238

THE SPHERE

LONDON, June 23, 1962

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

PROBLEMS IN B.A.O.R.

General Sir James Cassels, Commander-in-Chief, British Army of the Rhine, speaks at a Press conference in London about a number of incidents in recent months involving British troops stationed in Germany. He had come to Britain officially to attend a War Office selection board but was taking the opportunity to answer charges about the Rhine Army which had been given much publicity. The chief incident was the so-called "Battle of Hermannstrasse," in Minden, on April 8, as a result of which nineteen British soldiers were subsequently punished. General Cassels stated that the number of men tried by court martial in Germany remained steady at about one in 900 every month—slightly higher than elsewhere in the Army. He went on to say that in some German towns there was a German "Teddy boy" problem. Besides dealing with the problem of discipline of garrison troops, General Cassels also answered journalists' charges about the secrecy or uninformative nature of the procedure for telling the Press and public about forthcoming courts martial. The Secretary of State for War, Mr. Profumo, stated earlier that this procedure was to be examined

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NEWS SUMMARY

By-election shocks in Britain; military bases, not civilian cities, would be United States' prime nuclear targets; agreements in Algeria and Laos

Security men watch as President de Gaulle is greeted in Gray, Eastern France

Laotian Princes, from left: Souphannouvong, Souvanna Phouma and Boun Oum

GREAT BRITAIN

In a sensational by-election result in the Scottish constituency of **West Lothian,** Labour held the seat with an increased majority, the Scottish Nationalist came second, and both the Conservative and Liberal candidates lost their deposits. Figures were: Mr. T. Dalyell (Labour), 21,266; Mr. W. Wolfe (Scot. Nat.), 9,750; Mr. W. I. Stewart (Con.), 4,784; Mr. D. Bryce (Lib.), 4,537; Mr. G. McLennan (Communist), 1,511. Compared with the straight fight at the General Election, the Conservative share of the poll dropped by 28·27 per cent.

During the Conservatives' inquest over the result came the sudden death of the Earl of Sandwich. This causes the elevation of his son, Viscount Hinchingbrooke, M.P., to the House of Lords. Thus there will be a by-election at his constituency, **South Dorset,** where his majority in 1959 was 6,693. There are strong Labour and Liberal organisations in South Dorset which make it, on present trends, a marginal seat.

It was reported last weekend that the B.B.C. had banned six of the seven titles on the record of Noël Coward's musical, *Sail Away*, opening in **London** this week. This means they would not be played over the air by the Corporation. Photographs by Tom Hustler of *Sail Away* are on pages 462 and 463.

THE UNITED STATES

An important statement on American nuclear strategy was made last Saturday by Mr. Macnamara, the United States Secretary of Defence. Speaking at a ceremony of the University of Michigan in **Ann Arbor,** he made it clear that in the event of a major war American weapons would be aimed at the destruction of enemy military forces and bases. This contrasts with the hitherto accepted view that America's counter against nuclear attack would be to strike against centres of population. The new strategy aimed at military installations only was taken to be evidence of the Administration's faith in the American Intelligence services.

Mr. Macnamara also spoke of America's objections to the idea of independent nuclear forces within Nato. He called them " dangerous, expensive, prone to obsolescence, and lacking in credibility as a deterrent." On the same day Mr. Rusk, the U.S. Secretary of State, in a speech at **Concord,** New Hampshire, called on Russia to break the deadlock on disarmament and sign a nuclear test ban treaty.

FRANCE

News of the agreement between the F.L.N. (Algerian Nationalists) and the O.A.S. extreme Right-wing settlers in Algeria last weekend became known in France as a result of a broadcast from **Algiers** by Dr. Mustefai, the F.L.N. representative on the Algerian Provisional Executive. He had had talks with M. Susini, political leader of the O.A.S. Dr. Mustefai, whose statement was understood to have been approved in advance by the Provisional Executive, said there would be a general amnesty for the O.A.S. after Algerian sovereignty had been proclaimed. In the interim period before this, Europeans would be permitted to assist in the maintenance of order by serving in the " Local Force " which hitherto had been envisaged as an exclusively Muslim organisation.

On the O.A.S. side, a broadcast from its pirate radio station announced that terrorist operations in Algeria would end at midnight last Sunday. President de Gaulle, concluding a tour of Eastern France, said at **Montbeliard** that as result of the F.L.N.-O.A.S. agreement " we find ourselves on the point of understanding after such a long time." Throughout the tour security precautions for the President were more than usually stringent because of reports of plots against his life by O.A.S. agents.

FAR EAST

The Laos crisis, which became an international crisis, took a turn for the better last week, when the three Princes announced that they had reached agreement on the formation of a coalition government. King Savang Vatthana flew from the Royal capital, **Luang Prabang,** to **Vientiane,** to swear-in the neutralist leader, Prince Souvanna Phouma, as Prime Minister. He combines the post of Premier with the key Cabinet post of Defence Minister. The Right-wing has a vice-Premier in General Nosavan, who is also Finance Minister. And the Left-wing Pathet Lao has a vice-Premier in Prince Souphannouvong, who is also Minister of National Reconstruction. The third Prince, Boun Oum, reverts to Inspector-General of the Realm, a post outside politics (nominally), which ranks next to the King. But by the beginning of this week, no co-ordinated policy on defence and foreign policy had been announced by the new Cabinet. Elections for the new National Assembly would be held eventually.

In South Korea, thirty-three people were arrested on charges of plotting to overthrow the ruling military junta. (On June 1, forty-one people were arrested on similar charges.) Among those arrested were supporters of Dr. John Chang, a former Prime Minister. Also last weekend, General Song Yo-chan, Prime Minister, and Mr. Chunhbyung-kyu, Finance Minister, announced their resignations from the Cabinet. Since the military junta holds supreme power in South Korea, it was not thought that the resignations would alter policy to any significant extent.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CITY OF LONDON FESTIVAL

Preview of the various events of the Festival taking place from July 9–21, including an article by Lady Hoare, Lady Mayoress of London, and drawings of the interior of the Mansion House by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MACMILLAN STAYS IN CONTROL

LABOUR LEADERS IN SATISFIED MOOD

Far left: The Prime Minister tries his hand at the controls of the engine on the miniature railway at the fete of the Conservative Association in his own constituency of Bromley, in Kent. Earlier Mr. Macmillan had referred to the recent by-election results and had told his Conservative audience, "We have a fight on our hands." **Left:** Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Williams, Secretary-General of the Labour Party, applaud exhibits at the Festival of Labour in Battersea Park, London. On the previous day in Dewsbury, Mr. Gaitskell had called on Mr. Macmillan to hold an immediate General Election

FAREWELL TO KATANGA

A "MATTER OF URGENCY" AT U.N.

Far left: On a farewell tour before returning to New York, Mr. Rolz-Bennett, retiring U.N. Civilian Chief in Katanga, talks with two senior officers of the U.N. forces at a battalion post. Mr. Rolz-Bennett has been succeeded by Mr. Jean Back

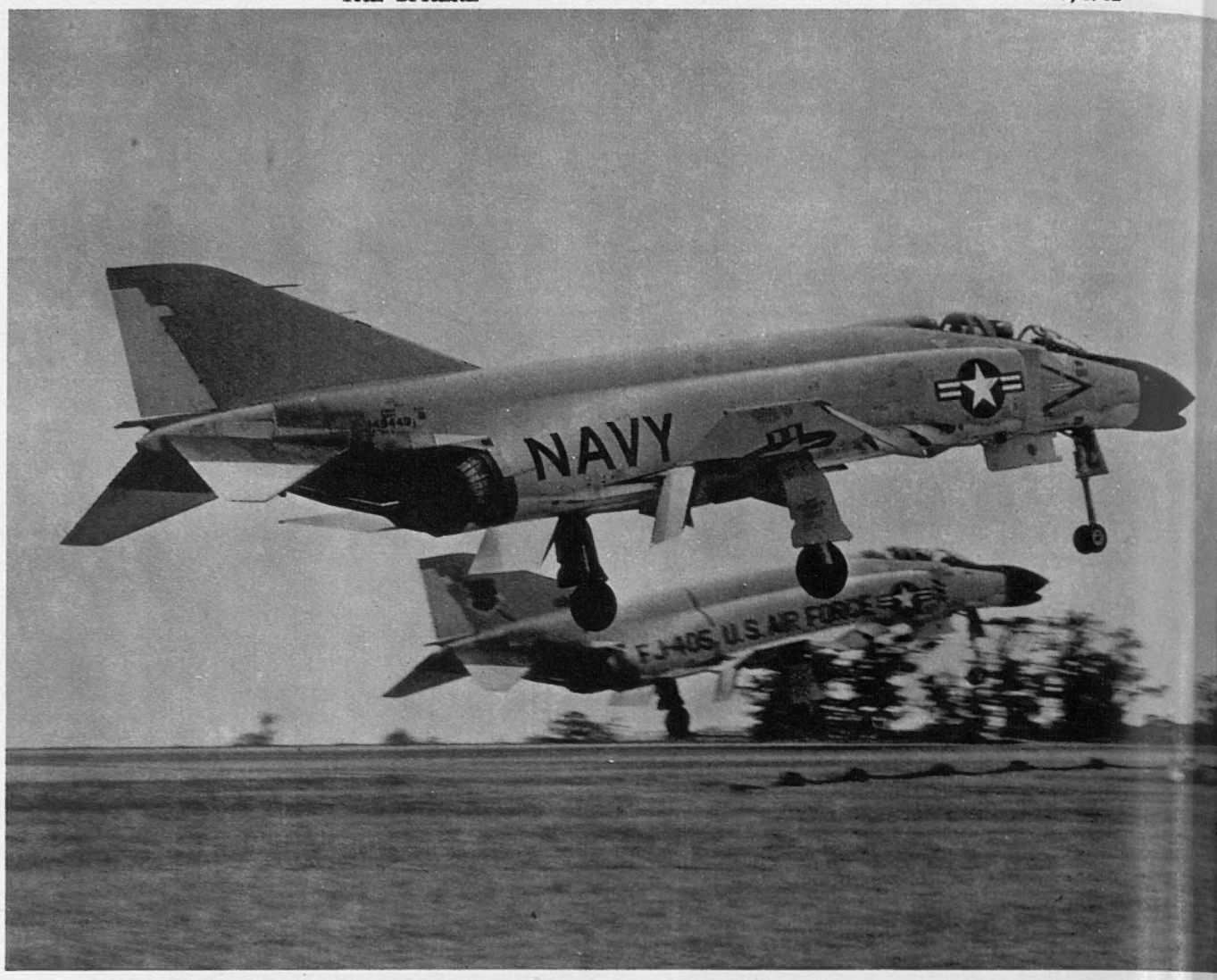
Sir Patrick Dean, Britain's chief delegate to the United Nations, sits in solitude in the General Assembly Hall in New York. He had arrived to participate in the debate on Southern Rhodesia called "as a matter of urgency" by the Afro-Asian bloc. He then learnt that the discussions had been postponed for four days. (See also John Connell, page 458)

AN ESSEX CHEMICAL WORKS ABLAZE

Smoke and flames sweep upwards from the chemical warehouse of Baird and Tatlock, scientific instrument makers, at Chadwell Heath, in Essex. Explosions from bursting bottles of chemical shook the building but no one was injured. Some 250 firemen fought the flames for over three hours to bring the fire under control. When the blaze was at its height the industrial estate surrounding the warehouse was evacuated

DERAILMENT CAUSES A RAIL HOLD-UP IN LONDON

Coaches lie across the lines at Bethnal Green after the derailment of an electric train from Chingford. Fifteen people were slightly hurt and taken to hospital but none was detected. Six lines were blocked, stopping trains in and out of Liverpool Street Station. The accident occurred last Sunday. Engineers worked throughout the day in the hope of having effected all the necessary repairs before Monday morning. They were apparently unable to achieve this and during the Monday morning rush-hour, in spite of emergency services, hundreds of passengers were delayed



Two American McDonnell F110A's, the U.S.A.F.'s version of the U.S. Navy's Phantom II twin-jet tactical fighter, make a slow fly-past, with their undercarriages down, at R.A.F. Bentwaters at Woodbridge, in Suffolk. They arrived from Germany last week, making their first visit to Britain, to be demonstrated to senior officers of the U.S.A.F. The Phantom II is the fastest fighter in the world. Without using rocket assistance, it reached a speed of 1,606·3 m.p.h. over a straight course, crossed the United States from coast to coast in 170 minutes, and made an altitude record of 98,400 ft. from a standing start in six minutes. It can carry a bomb-load twice that carried by the Flying Fortress of the last war and is armed with a variety of guided missiles

THE WORLD'S FASTEST FIGHTERS VISIT BRITAIN

Below right: President Kennedy and his guest, President Chiari of Panama, drive from National Airport, Washington, on the latter's arrival on a two-day visit to the American capital. The two Presidents last week discussed Panama's wishes to obtain more benefits from the Panama Canal. Last year Panama officially asked to start negotiations on revising the Canal treaty

PRESIDENT CHIARI AND PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Far right: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Hoare, and Lady Hoare (right) are welcomed at Warsaw Airport, at the start of their visit to Poland, by General Zarzycki (left), president of the Warsaw City Council, and his wife. During the Lord Mayor's four-day stay in Poland, he and his wife visited the Poznan Fair, at which Great Britain was the fourth largest foreign exhibitor

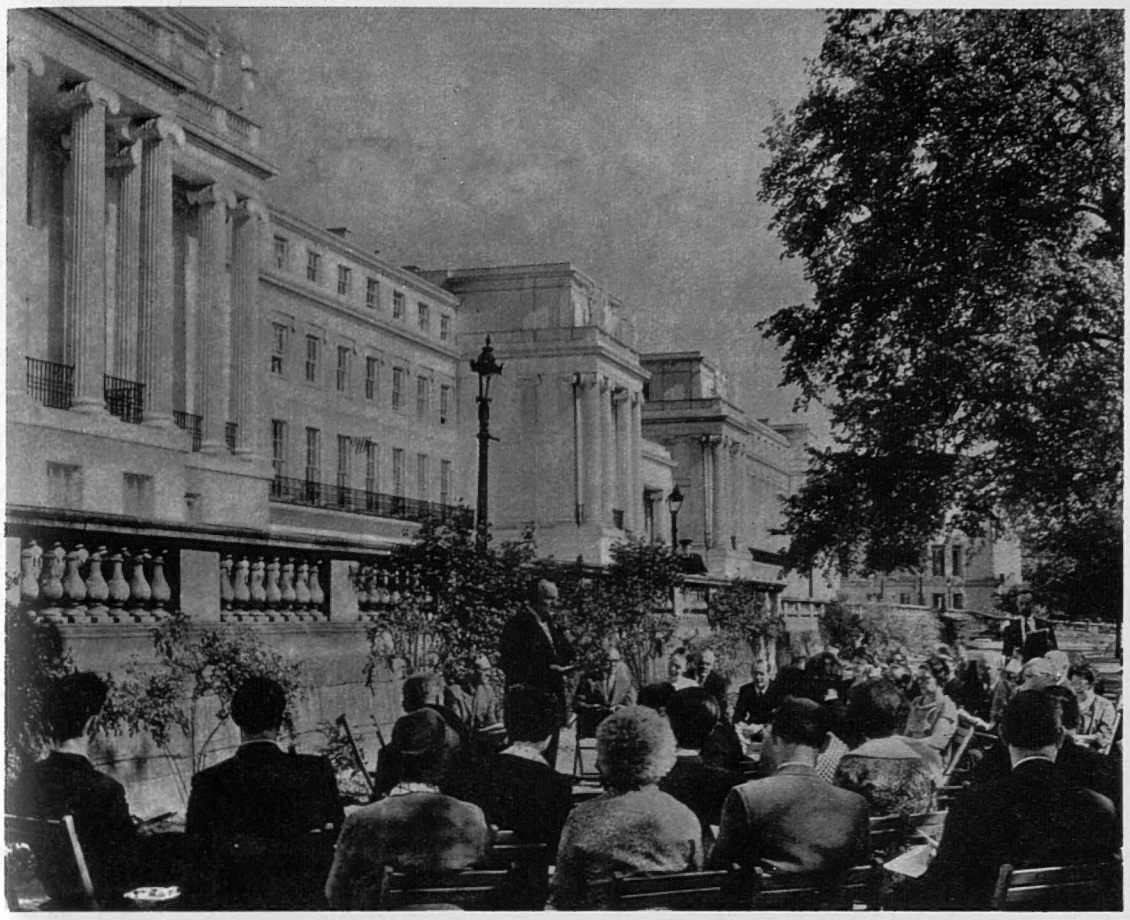
THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN WARSAW

Sir Walter Coutts, Governor of Uganda, talks with Mr. Milton Obote, the Prime Minister, at the opening ceremony of the Uganda Independence Conference at Marlborough House, in London. The main problems before the conference were the "lost counties" claimed by Bunyoro province from Buganda province, and the relationship of Buganda to the other kingdoms. If these were solved by the conference, Uganda would move ahead to independence, which has been planned for October 9

THE UGANDA INDEPENDENCE CONFERENCE OPENS

Far right: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, unveils a plaque at the formal opening of the new building of the Overseas Branch of the Midland Bank in Gracechurch Street, London. Looking on is Viscount Monckton, who is the chairman of the Midland Bank

NEW BUILDING FOR THE MIDLAND BANK



TWO PRESERVATION SCHEMES IN LONDON: THE NASH TERRACES IN REGENT'S PARK . . .

AND THE ROMAN WALL IN THE CITY

Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, the First Crown Estate Commissioner, reads the statement of the Crown Estate Commissioners on the future of the Nash-designed terraces in Regent's Park, London, in the shadow of Cumberland Terrace, one of the terraces in question. The statement announced a scheme for the preservation of virtually all the existing Nash terraces around the park. Their use will be wholly residential, and will be given another sixty years at least of useful life. Three terraces impossible to restore will be rebuilt to the original design. **Right:** Lord John Hope, the Minister of Works (centre), visits the site of part of London's Roman Wall, near Fenchurch Street, which is to be incorporated into an office block. The public will be able to view the wall from the new building

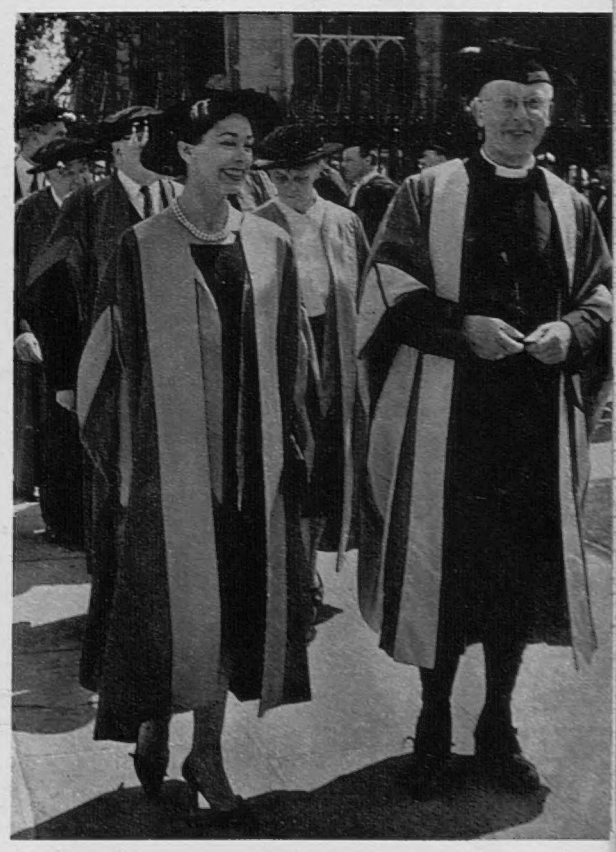
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Wearing dark glasses, Princess Margaret puts up a hand to steady her straw hat in a stiff breeze on arrival at London Airport after a visit to the R.A.F. station at Finningley, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire. The Princess presented standards to two R.A.F. V-bomber squadrons: No. 18 Squadron (Valiants), based at Finningley, and No. 101 Squadron (Vulcans), which is based at Waddington

PRINCESS MARGARET RETURNS FROM YORKSHIRE

MERRIMENT AFTER LUNCHEON

Above, far right: Lady Barnett, well known on TV, and Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, chuckle together at the ninth annual ladies' luncheon of the Variety Club of Great Britain at the Dorchester Hotel in London. The Archbishop was the guest of honour at the luncheon at which he was accompanied by Mrs. Ramsey



BALLERINA AND PRIMATE

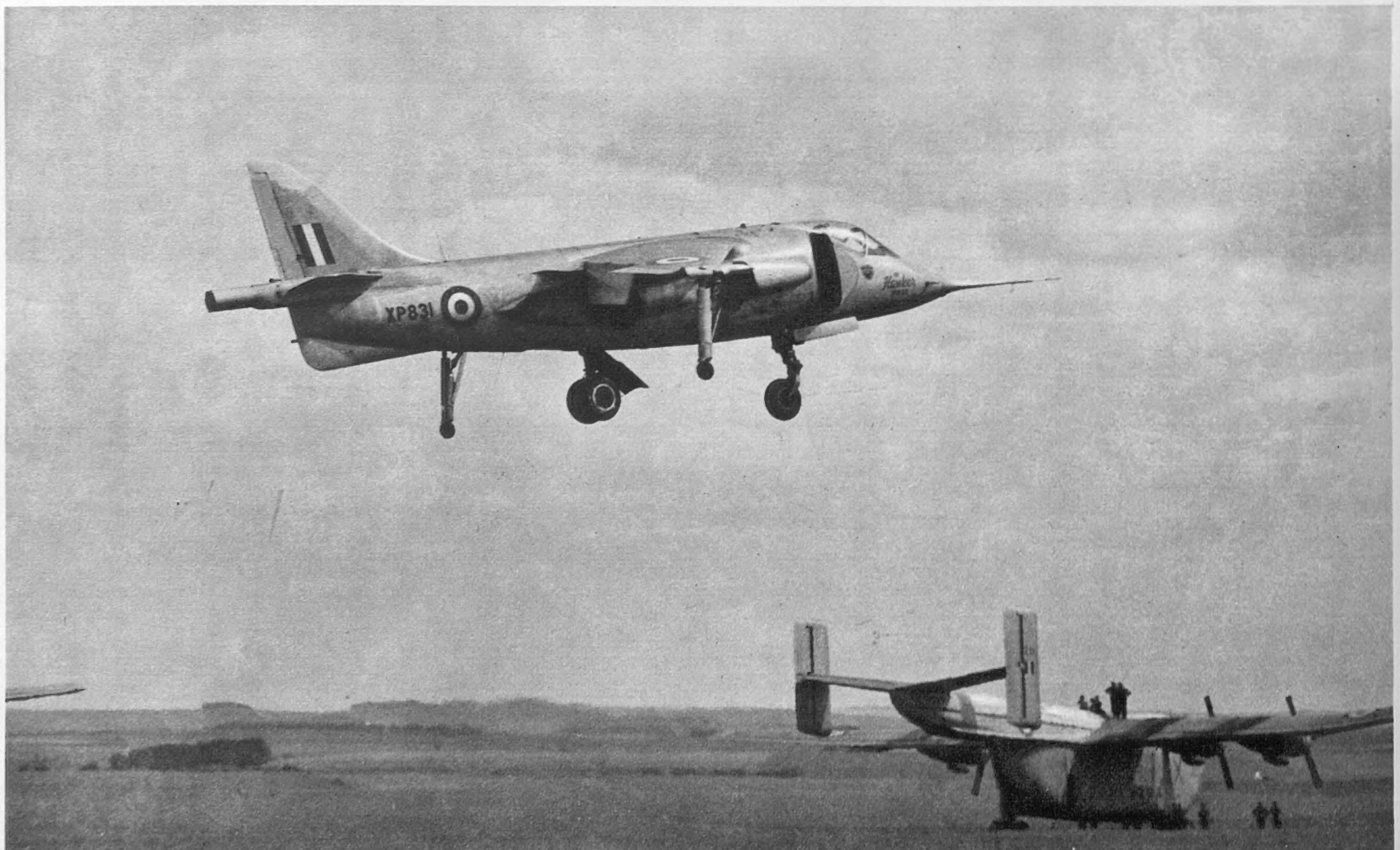
Below, far right: Dame Margot Fonteyn, Britain's prima ballerina, and Dr. Coggan, the Archbishop of York, leave the Senate House in Cambridge after the ceremony in which they received honorary degrees, conferred by Lord Tedder, the Chancellor of Cambridge University. Among others who received honorary degrees last week were Professor Ganshof of Ghent University; Mr. Graham Greene, the novelist; and Dame Evelyn Sharp, the Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Housing and Local Government

LOOKING BACK AT UPAVON

The special air display, commemorating the golden jubilee of British military aviation, held at Upavon, Wiltshire, last weekend, was watched by the Duke of Edinburgh, distinguished airmen of past and present, and vast crowds. To be seen flying were probably more vintage aircraft, from the Avro 504K to the Swordfish, than for a very long time. Fifty years ago the Central Flying School started at Upavon to provide pilots for the Royal Flying Corps; today the airfield is the headquarters of the R.A.F. Transport Command. The combination of past and present was made more piquant by the first public appearance of the remarkable P.1127 tactical fighter, which showed its capabilities by taking off in a few yards at high speed and then landing very slowly vertically.

The S.E.5a fighter banks over the Avro Tutor. **Below:** Heralding the future, the Hawker P.1127 vertical take-off and landing tactical fighter hovers as it lands vertically after its first-ever public display. On the right is a Blackburn Beverley freighter

The Duke of Edinburgh peers into the cockpit of a Sopwith Pup of the First World War



One of the best-known aircraft of the First World War, the S.E.5a is prepared on the ground as the Fairey Swordfish torpedo biplane flies over

The Avro 504K, an historic biplane used in various forms throughout the First World War, comes in over the Swordfish

Comets of Transport Command in the air and the Hawker Hart

English Electric Lightnings in formation aerobatics and on the ground the Sopwith Pup

JOHN CONNELL

THE U.N.'s DOUBLE DILEMMA

The first General Assembly of the United Nations was held in the Central Hall, Westminster—in honour, it seems odd to remember now, of Britain's valour in defence of freedom in World War II—and a plaque in its wall records this fact. I paused as I walked past the other day and re-read the plaque. I found that I remembered, with peculiar clarity, Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, going to the rostrum, with his rolling, maritime gait; I remembered his formidable Teddy-bear appearance, and his ripe West Country accent; but what he said had vanished from my recollection.

Unless and until he was very tired, Bevin was not greatly addicted to the officially composed, flaccid flow of platitudes which has often passed for oratory in the United Nations. But even on this great occasion, when the old boy might have spoken stable and salutary truths, did the Organisation's unhappy ambience affect him? Or is my ordinarily retentive memory at fault?

I have been pondering, not without dismay, the present state of the U.N., which it is, of course, unfashionable to relate, in any way, to the high and generous hopes with which it was founded. It seems to me that we are involved, many of us, in a disillusionment even deeper and more grievous than that which, a quarter of a century ago, beset people

Members of the seventeen-man U.N. Committee on Colonialism in session at Dar es Salaam, in Tanganyika. Seated in the background right, in a white cassock, is the Rev. Michael Scott, who was among those giving evidence to the Committee

who watched the League of Nations shamble to its own destruction. This process, when it is experienced twice in a lifetime, is hard to tolerate without despair.

Two aspects of its present situation are worth studying in some detail: the anti-colonialist drive among many—indeed a majority—of its members; and the state of its finances. They are, in fact, closely linked, for the more rapidly that territories attain total political independence, the more deeply the U.N. involves itself in repair, care and maintenance, and the louder become the calls upon its dwindling financial resources. That this double dilemma has been planned by the Soviet Union and her satellites I greatly doubt, but that they can and do exploit it and worsen it is obvious. Nor do I think that the Soviet Union wants to destroy the U.N.; it is merely determined to get the whole Organisation away from Western, and under Communist, control, and is well on the way to achieving this objective. That the result in the end will be the same cuts no ice in the Kremlin. After all, the imperialist Power that ate up the Baltic Republics, and has colonised Central Asia with a ruthlessness alongside which Dr. Verwoerd's actions in South Africa are tepid and timorous, is not unaccustomed to the refinements of double-speak and double-think.

The Russians are exploiting and stimulating the drive against colonialism, which after several months of delusive " moderation " is once more gaining in virulence; but it is clear to me that it is the African extremists who are in charge, and the pace which they are setting is disastrous—as disastrous to Africa as it is to the ex-colonialist Powers. We—the British, along with the French, the Dutch, the Belgians and, in the end, the Portuguese, the first to expand, the last to contract—can in theory withdraw to our imperilled European citadel, quit the outposts, and prepare for decades, perhaps centuries, of siege. This is the theory, it must be supposed, which animates the present Conservative Government's policy. For example, two years ago the Belgian Congo was, political emancipation apart, one of the most highly developed countries in Africa; its reduction to semi-jungle level was accomplished with horrifying swiftness. Now there is to be a repetition of what occurred in the Congo in the Trust Territory of Ruanda-Urundi. There is the same insistence on the instant and total withdrawal of the Belgians, who have made, developed and sustained the framework of society in the country, and the same assumption that, if law and order break down, United Nations forces will take control.

The Rhodesias, it is well known, are the next targets. Against the strong protests of the British permanent delegate, Sir Patrick Dean, supported by Mr. Adlai Stevenson for the United States, the U.N. General Assembly decided last week, by 62 votes to 26, to debate in public and at once, the situation in Southern Rhodesia. That majority was achieved by a combination of the Afro-Asian bloc with the Communist countries. As distinct from the floor of the Assembly, what support it had in the Secretariat of the U.N. it is impossible to discover.

However, as British spokesmen ruefully pointed out, the rules of the Assembly were abruptly discarded in favour of expediency and of instant compliance with the wishes of the clamorous majority. Further, the fact that Southern Rhodesia has a much greater degree of self-government than Hungary or Czechoslovakia, and has had it for close on forty years—was set aside. If, in the ensuing debate, the General Assembly—in defiance of Paragraph 7 of Article II of the U.N. Charter, which forbids intervention in matters " essentially within the domestic jurisdiction " of any state—tries to assume jurisdiction over Southern Rhodesia, certain grave practical and constitutional problems are raised. The United Kingdom, despite the fact that there is now a legal dispute over whether or not Parliament here has the right to dissolve the Central African Federation, has persistently argued that she has no right to impose her views on Southern Rhodesia, and hence cannot admit U.N. jurisdiction. Will the Assembly seek to implement its views—or, rather, the view of the Afro-Asian and Communist groups—by force? If so, how will it raise the force, equip it, despatch it to Africa and maintain it there?

This is where the problem of the U.N.'s financial bankruptcy comes in. The Organisation has been running more and more heavily into debt for many months past because it is trying to maintain, without the necessary financial backing, two overseas expeditions—the now comparatively minor one in the Gaza strip, on the Israel-Egypt border, and the very costly and far-reaching operations in the Congo. The Soviet Union contributes not a rouble to either; the Arab countries refuse to pay anything towards the Gaza force, and France has contracted out of the Congo imbroglio.

As a result of these increasing financial difficulties the General Assembly last December authorised the Acting Secretary-General to raise a loan, by offering a 200,000,000-dollar bond issue for sale to governments, national banks and approved non-profit-making organisations. President Kennedy at once proposed that the U.S. Government should buy up to 100,000,000 dollars' worth of these twenty-five-year, 2 per cent. securities. Two months ago the consequential measure passed the U.S. Senate by a majority of 70 votes to 22, and it is now before a committee of Congress. As amended in the Senate, the Bill would permit the President to buy the 100,000,000 dollars' worth of bonds, but subject to the provision that the total U.S. purchases do not exceed by more than 25,000,000 dollars the total bought by other nations.

By last week the full amount taken up by thirty-six other nations was 65,500,000 dollars. Only about 10,000,000 dollars therefore are now needed to get the U.N. out of its immediate financial trouble. But nobody in his senses would argue that this solves the long-term problems which face the U.N., not the smallest of which is the stubborn refusal of member nations to pay their regular and special dues. At the moment at which I write the World Court at The Hague is indeed trying to decide whether or not the Charter gives the United Nations the right to levy its assessments and to impose penalties on those who refuse to pay. The ordinary club, after all, possesses sanctions, including the final right of expulsion, to compel its members to pay their subscriptions. Is it too much to suggest that this fundamental element in the code of relationships between individuals be reintroduced into relationships between nations?

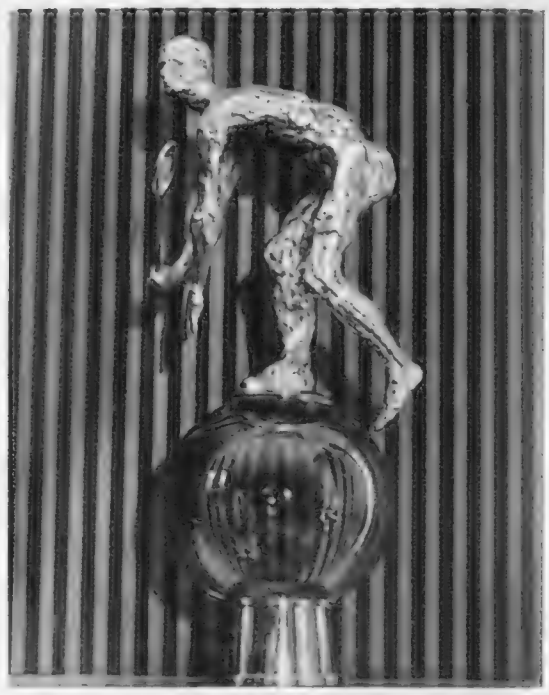
A San Francisco streetcar trundles slowly up a steep hill from Fisherman's Wharf in the city on the Californian coast. If the passengers look behind them across San Francisco Bay they can see Alcatraz the Federal island prison most feared by American criminals. Last week, the U.S. was startled by the escape of three convicts, serving long terms for bank robbery. An intensive search was started but after a couple of days no trace of the three men had been found. It seemed they had managed the first escape from the heavily protected prison ever known. At least twenty men previously tried to escape, but none got off the island and lived. Six were killed, three drowned in the fierce currents round the island, and the others captured. The most spectacular episode in Alcatraz's twenty-year history occurred in 1946, when thirteen convicts seized a cell block and held off warders, reinforced with marines, for two days

ACROSS THE BAY FROM ALCATRAZ

b

Any fine summer day in London, steamers on the Thames leave Westminster Pier crowded with holiday-makers

Captain N. Goodhart, R.N., this year's national gliding champion, at Aston Down Airfield, in Gloucestershire



A striking silver statue in memory of the third Lord Aberdare, the renowned rackets and real tennis player. Designed by David Wynne (using the Gloucestershire cricket captain and rackets player, Dr. C. T. M. Pugh, as his model), the statue was made for the present Lord Aberdare by melting down some fifty trophies and cups, which were won by his father, into a 200-oz. sterling silver ingot

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

UNCOMMON MARKET. Returned from a brief but golden holiday in a hitherto unfamiliar county of old England, I take up the burden again to find that Britain has gone on pretty much as usual in early June without my help. The 4th of June was much as usual except for the pleasant weather, the Broken-Hill Derby is run and won, the world's insoluble problems are simmering, as they should, in the dog-days, while Parliament enjoys a brief recess; one or two notables have had their reverses, several more have been honoured with titles, and as we approached the longest day, summer slowly decided to make its appearance. I do not describe myself in books of reference as an economist or a politician, and accordingly my decision to give a lead to those who still wobble over the Common Market question may carry little weight. But the time, I think, has come to declare myself: I plump for Britain and the Commonwealth, and I don't say, as my great-Uncle Stiff-rump Cartaret constantly remarked, "God made a great mistake when He made foreigners." But I do say that Britain, under favourable conditions, possesses, if shrewdly chosen, everything of beauty, of literary and artistic interest, that the average man needs for the improvement of his mind and enlargement of his spirit, and that until he has exhausted her wide range of attractions, he should hesitate to risk the sacrifice of any of her sovereignty, traditions, customs, institutions and idiosyncrasies. We really cannot even afford to share with others our incomparable climate and weather (now and then). If this contribution to solving a burning question of the day may help Mr. Gaitskell to make up his mind, I shall not have played the clown in vain. Certainly in the debate before the recess Mr. Heath put his case for the Common Market more constructively and convincingly than I mine. He urged our entry rather as an obligation to contribute to Europe than as a means of getting something out of Europe. He has something there.

OSCARS FOR THE WEST COUNTRY. Since the boats and hotels of Southern Ireland were all booked up months ago, we fell back upon Devon and Cornwall for a motoring holiday. And glad I am we did so, and did so when we did. I dare say in July it would be a matter of queueing. In the first days of June, the good main roads were not crowded and the twisting lanes almost deserted. To what shall I award my stars and Oscars? Of houses four stars to the interior of Cotehele and a special Oscar to the lady who takes care of it, knows its history and polishes its wonderful furniture and weapons. Three stars to the exterior of Antony and to one or two of its rooms. The same certainly to the famous rooms of Saltram on the Cornish borders. Of gardens, I saw many that were admirable. But perhaps the banks of the winding lanes of Cornwall in early June are runners-up for the highest Oscar; banks of pink thrift, mile on mile of jewelled wild flowers, including many rarities hardly to be found outside Cornwall, a winding itinerary better taken on foot or bicycle by amateur botanists. For the rest there is Endsleigh, for generations a loved home of the Dukes of Bedford. Ringed by lovely woods, with the Tamar flashing below the lawns, it possesses a glen, watered by streams and waterfalls, in which rare and mighty trees grow to giant size and banks of colour—rhododendrons and azaleas, laburnums and magnolias—make a kaleidoscope for half a mile. Perhaps Endsleigh should receive no Oscar. It is a nature reserve, and they grow fewer every year. May it remain as it is, protected by its ring of woods, known only to a few discerning fishermen and lovers of gardens and birds.

Captain Goodhart in his Olympia 419 sailplane coming in to land at Aston Down during the British gliding championships. He won with 7,456 points out of 8,000

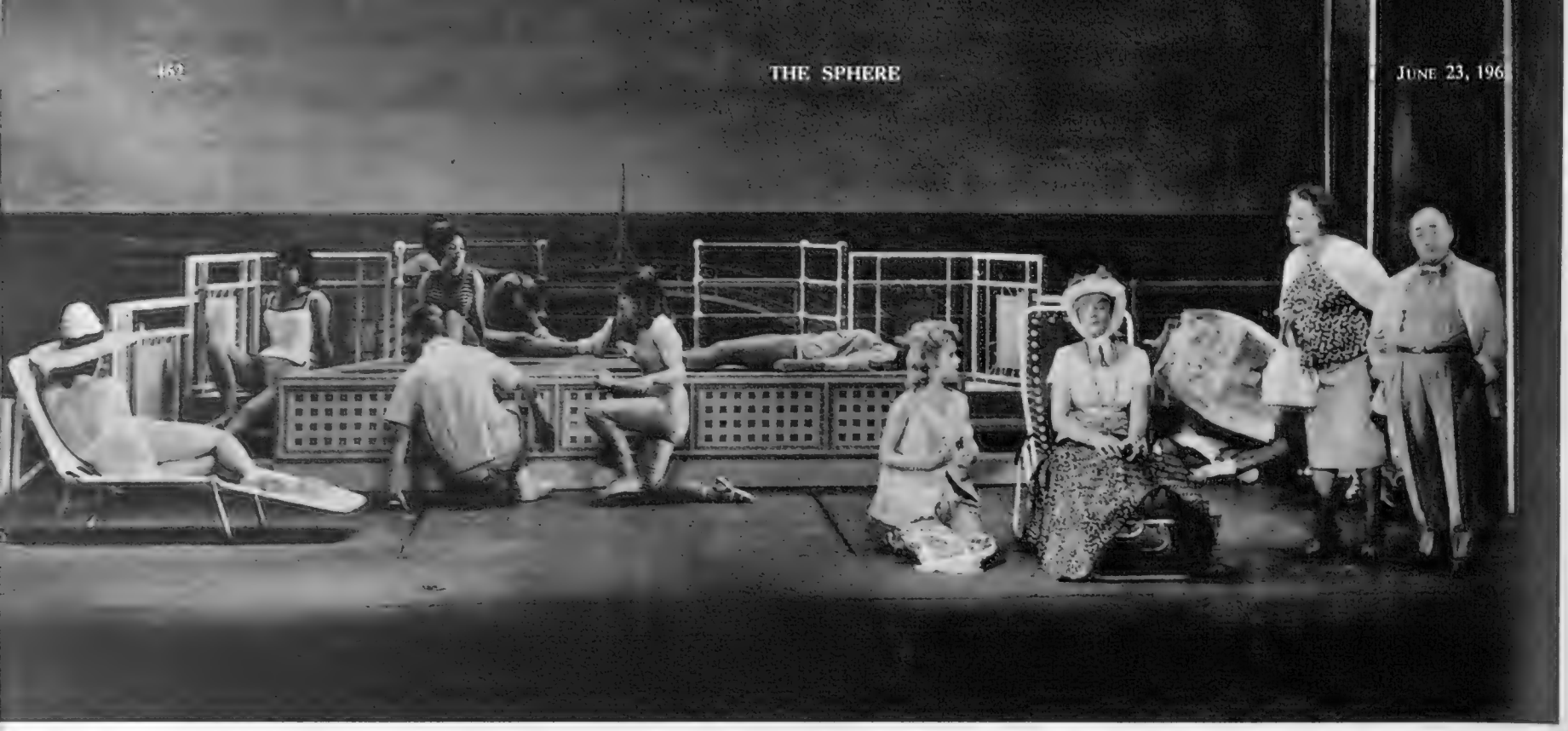
Looking from the inside are these trout in the aquarium at London Zoo, lined up to peer at the visitors

WHEN THE HORSES ARE STOLEN. The " lost Goya " report came out at last. The White Paper disclosed a certain slackening in existing security measures, due no doubt to the National Gallery's 140-year record of immunity from picture thieves. Even so, the Gallery authorities had long been pressing for greater security, but the Treasury could not see its way. Now, of course, the Treasury sees its way. The horse is stolen and no other horse must go the same way. Come to think of it, Goya's Wellington was a thieves' outsider, an unlikely horse to choose. But publicity did it. " They " decided it was worth £140,000. Unlike the Leonardo cartoon, it is not all loveliness, worth the stealing that one or two might gloat over it in secrecy and deem the risk worth while. A fine and competent and strong portrait of no Adonis, but quite unsaleable and not a thing of beauty to glorify and refresh the soul day by day. Why, then, steal it with risks so grave? Because it had had recent publicity and " they " had valued it at £140,000. It had " snob value " and was an obvious target. If you ask me, I should say we have not heard the last of the Goya. Its return to the Gallery would bring crowds to view it for a month. Then, it will be given a glance and the visitor will pass on to the next. It may even become in time a quiet, discreet meeting-place for a " date " at the National Gallery.

" GOT HIM ! " I have often recalled when reading (and writing) biographies a remark of Birrell prefaced to his memoir of William Hazlitt: " How little is it that we know about the character of a dead man we never saw " ! True enough and capable of extension. How little is it that we know about the character of an intimate acquaintance of fifty years standing ! Biographies pour off the presses in ever-increasing numbers, biographies of men dead for centuries or hardly cold in their graves. Many are hailed as definitive and final judgments and sometimes a bold biographer ventures to say: " I think at last I have *got* him." Alas, it is not very likely. If the subject has been dead for centuries, the man who seeks to find him must first of all be in his skin and in the skin of the age in which he lived, its notions of morality, its manner of thought, its way of life. And then? He must still uncover those mental and physical handicaps of his subject which he fought and bore and sought to hide from his contemporaries. Those secrets perhaps prevented his development in one direction, perhaps led him along another path. Three centuries of dust will not help in that vital search, and without finding out his secrets, no writer can claim to have " got " his subject. I judge that the definitive biography of every worthy back to Adam is published exclusively by the Paradise Press, to whom alone the secrets of all hearts are revealed. But the guessing game goes on and is very popular.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL. When the big ball blazes down, the little ball is capable of miracles. You never can tell—at cricket. I have cried with boredom at a Test Match at Lord's and know no desolation of spirit to equal that of a rain-spoiled match. Then " out of the blue " you get a match like that recently at Eastbourne when Sussex snatched an impossible victory over Notts. Notts declared at 406 for 8, and got Langridge out for a duck. It was all over in one day ! Next day Sussex recovered. Scoring at over 4 runs an over, they topped Notts' huge score and declared with four wickets down. A certain draw? Notts batted again on a wicket still capable of a 400-runs innings—and were all out for 57 and Sussex did the business on the second day ! No, sir, you never can tell at cricket. When the sun shines, the old game is still a wizard.

THE OLD STAGER



The sundeck of the luxury liner during the cruise—seated (right) is Elinor Spencer-Bollard (Dorothy Reynolds), with, kneeling beside her, Nancy (Sheila Forbes)

At the Parthenon, Nancy and Barnaby (Grover Dale)

ENTERTAINMENT

SAIL AWAY

Noël Coward's new musical, at the Savoy Theatre from June 21

The children are wayward—especially in their mis-spelling of "Mimi"

John (David Holliday) tries to persuade Mimi (Elaine Stritch) that the difference in their ages is not important. **Right:** Elinor Spencer-Bollard and Mimi

The chorus in an athletic dance on the sundeck. Centre background are Barnaby and Nancy

Ali (John Hewer)

The name of Noël Coward, responsible for book, music, lyrics and direction of *Sail Away*, has been enough to ensure respectably heavy advance bookings for this new musical. Its subject is a luxury cruise, a form of escapism towards which Noël Coward might well be expected to turn a fond but sardonic eye. The musical was first presented on Broadway, designed as a starring vehicle for Elaine Stritch, and gave her a resounding success. She has now come to London to give English audiences the exhilaration of her electrifying presence, in a lavish production. *Sail Away* has now been partly re-written. (In New York, it got mixed notices.) The action of the story, if there could be said to be a story, takes place on a liner, carrying a mixed bag of American passengers, on a summer cruise, stopping at such places as Gibraltar, Tangiers and Naples. The hostess for the passengers is Mimi Paragon (Elaine Stritch). She is always on duty and never off the stage.

The scene of an Italian wedding at a port of call in the Mediterranean

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

PAKISTAN

Launching of the weather rocket Rehbar-I

A few days ago, Pakistan successfully launched its first weather rocket, thus becoming the third country in Asia and the tenth in the world to make such a launching. The rocket carried a payload of 80 lb. of sodium and soared about 80 miles into the atmosphere. It left behind a trail of sodium flares which were photographed by specially-designed cameras installed at Karachi and two other points. Soon after the firing an arc formed by the orange-coloured flare could be seen for over a hundred miles around Karachi.

The rocket *Rehbar-1*, of a type known as a "two-stage sounding rocket," was assembled, tested and fired by a team of young Pakistani scientists and engineers of the Pakistan Upper Atmosphere and Space Research Committee (SUPARCO), without any outside help. The launching site was also designed and constructed by the same team. The two-stage rocket consisted of a Nike-Cajun combination developed in the U.S. by NASA. The Nike booster uses solid propellants and provides the initial thrust which enables it to attain a velocity of 2,400 miles per hour. The sodium payload was purchased from the Geophysics Corporation of America.

Considering that the upper atmosphere from about 20 to 100 miles above the earth's surface is inaccessible except through sounding rockets, the question of latitude becomes all-important for studies relating to it. Pakistan's launching site is very well placed in this respect. This makes it possible for Pakistan to collaborate in synoptic studies conducted on a world-wide basis. Pakistan will, accordingly, collaborate with NASA, United Nations Committee on Space Research (COSAAR) and with countries of the Commonwealth through the Royal Society, in the exploration of upper atmosphere of the Indian Ocean early next year.

This programme may involve about 100 Arcas launchings a year, roughly two a week. The data gathered will be made available to the world community of scientists engaged in similar work. It will help meteorologists in the study of cloud formation, cyclones and weather over the Arabian Sea. This data will be used in conjunction with that acquired from NASA's "Tiros" and "Nimbus" satellites. In two years' time the SUPARCO envisage installing television receiving sets at a station in East Pakistan which would be receiving television pictures directly from a "Nimbus" satellite every time it passes over Pakistan, making it possible to give very early cyclone warnings. This should prove an inestimable boon to East Pakistan.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Building work progresses on the new Opera House which is being built on Bennelong Point, Sydney, Australia. Construction has almost reached the stage when the fine roof shells will be cast. The building will include three halls and a small theatre

GHANA

The High Commissioner to Britain appeals to youth

In a Christian message to the Commonwealth Youth Sunday Service at Worthing Town Hall in Sussex, Mr. Kwesi Armah, the High Commissioner for Ghana in Great Britain, said that the Commonwealth was the greatest heritage of the youth of the member States. "It is undoubtedly, alongside the United Nations, the greatest experiment in socio-political history."

Events had proved, commented the High Commissioner, that the Commonwealth as a whole intended to be multi-racial and almost multi-everything, and that the member States and nations of the association were determined to follow a common objective of building up a multi-racial society in their respective countries which would provide equal opportunity for all—irrespective of race, colour or creed.

The High Commissioner appealed to the youths to develop a spirit of togetherness in order to forge stronger links of relationship within the Commonwealth. "Let us, then, be up and doing. Let us lend our helping hands to the building of this great moral Commonwealth," he added.

He went on to say that the willingness to try to understand other members' points of view should overrule everything else. "The Commonwealth," he continued, "is not the product of a command, nor is it guided by a charter. It is, in short, like a multi-instrumental orchestra intent on producing a musical harmony. This can only be made possible if the flute, the violin, the trumpet, the drum and the trombone all play their parts with sincerity and restraint."

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

Successful conclusion of the Independence Conference in London

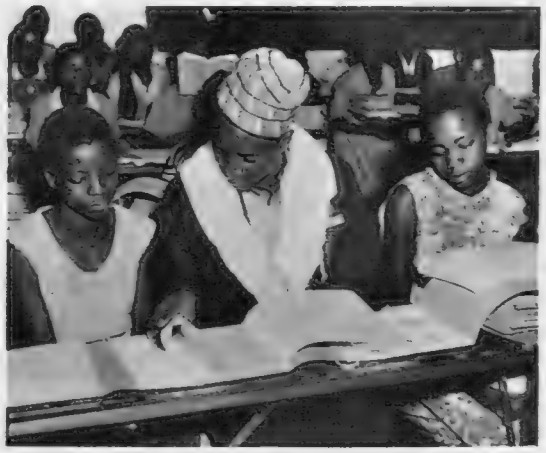
The Trinidad and Tobago Independence Conference ended recently at Marlborough House, in London, on a note of complete success. Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, said at the conclusion of the conference that he was deeply impressed by the way it ended, and by the "inspiring statements" by the Premier (Dr. Eric Williams) and by the Leader of the Opposition (Dr. Capildeo) about the way both parties will work together to create a united Trinidad nation. The Colonial Secretary confessed to have been worried during the conference because of fears and suspicions "which build on each other," but a number of changes had been made in the draft constitution by agreement, which had caused "a very great change in the atmosphere."

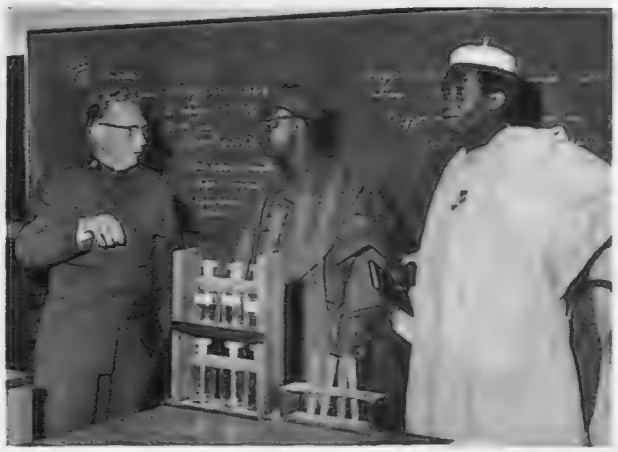
Dr. Williams said that there must be safeguards to remove the apprehensions and the tensions which existed, and to promote unity, but the constitution had to be workable. It was the resolve of his party (the People's National Movement) to meet the Opposition (Democratic Labour Party) at a party political level on all matters which might retard the objectives they all sought, including a real national culture.

Full agreement was reached on ways of entrenching fundamental human rights, on the use of emergency and other special powers by the Government, the method of selecting the seven independent Senators, the amendment of the Constitution, the Judicature and the retention of appeals to the Privy Council, the public service and the police, and the establishment of an elections commission and a boundaries commission. On the contentious issue of voting machines, which the

WEALTH

The Mayor of Salisbury, in Southern Rhodesia, chats with three of the six delegates from Nigeria now touring the Central African Federation at the invitation of the Federal Branch of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association. The delegates with the Mayor are, from left, the Mallam Salihu Gonto, the Alhaji Iro, Iyan Katsina and the Mallam Bashari Kano





Mallam Bashari Kano sits with two pupils at a village school near Domboshawa, in Southern Rhodesia. **Right:** The Alani of Ido-Ani, Oba Falade II (centre) and Mr. Michael Obi, talk to a Salvation Army teacher during a chemistry class at Mazoe Secondary School in Southern Rhodesia. The delegates on the visit are all members of the Nigerian Federal Parliament

Opposition alleged could be manipulated, it was agreed that the machines should be set and sealed before scrutineers of both parties before elections, and not unsealed until the poll and in their presence. With safeguards on all these questions the Opposition appeared to be satisfied. A White Paper on the conference was due to be published.

The Trinidad and Tobago delegation unanimously expressed the wish that, on achieving independence, Trinidad and Tobago should be accepted as a member country of the Commonwealth and the British Government willingly undertook to support this request with the other members of the Commonwealth. The delegation also stated that it was the firm wish of the people of Trinidad and Tobago to continue after independence in their allegiance to the Queen. The date for independence was agreed on as August 31, 1962. Dr. Williams is known to have been anxious for a date before September 10 to enable him to attend the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, to secure Trinidad's oil interests in the event of Britain's joining the Common Market. It was undertaken that responsibility would be assumed for all international rights and obligations entered into on behalf of the Trinidad Government by Britain prior to independence.

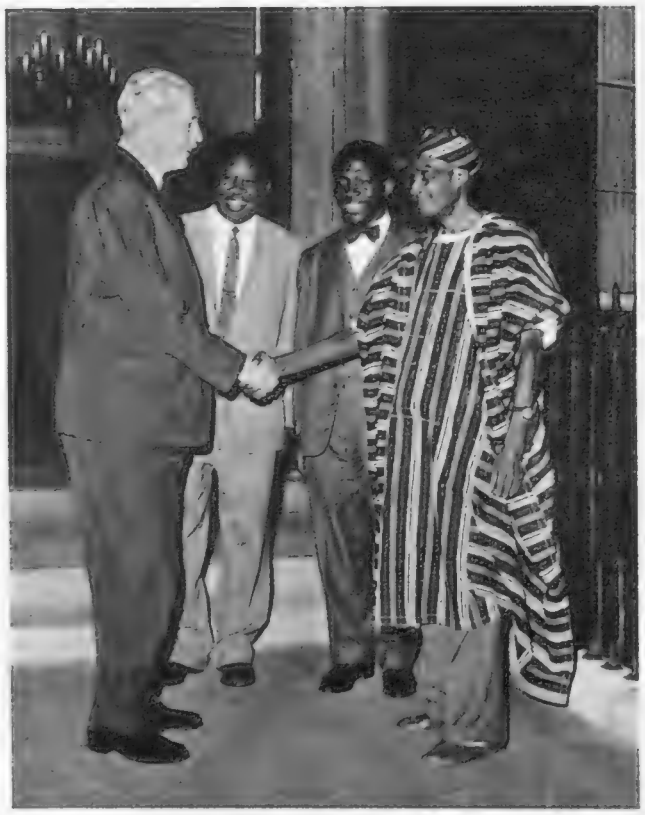
Right: At a reception in London during the Trinidad Independence Conference are from left: Mrs. Maudling; Dr. Eric Williams, Premier of Trinidad; Mr. Reginald Maudling, the Colonial Secretary; Sir Learie Constantine, the Commissioner at the Trinidad and Tobago Government Office in London, and Lady Norma Constantine

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother during the ceremony in which the Black Watch of Canada regiment received new colours

COMMONWEALTH VISITORS

One of the bonds of the Commonwealth is the constant exchange of visitors between member countries. Last week, for example, saw Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on a visit to Canada, where she was warmly greeted by cheering crowds in Montreal, who gave her a ticker-tape welcome. While in Montreal the Queen Mother presented colours to the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. The regiment was celebrating its centenary. In her address, she referred to the capture of Montreal by Sir Jeffrey Amherst in 1760, in which two battalions of the Royal Highland Regiment took part, and said: " The virtues of hardihood, courage and honour crossed the sea from Scotland and made new history in helping to build this great country of Canada." .

In London on a visit was the Prime Minister of Sierra Leone, Sir Milton Margai, who was recently elected for another term of office. Mr. Njoku, the Nigerian Minister of Transport and Aviation, was on a tour of India, where he met leading parliamentarians. Mr. Njoku is the vice-chairman of the General Council of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association and is on tour of all the Commonwealth countries.



In London, Mr. Macmillan is with Sir Milton Margai.

The Governor-General of Canada, Maj.-Gen. Georges Vanier and Mr. John Diefenbaker, the Prime Minister, escort the Queen Mother on her arrival in Montreal

Right: Mr. Njoku with Shri Hukum Singh, Speaker of the Indian Parliament

The dome of the Chapel and the Terrace Front which form one side of the Main Quadrangle of Haileybury and Imperial Service College. **Right:** The Master in his study—Mr. C. P. C. Smith

CENTENARY AT HAILEYBURY

Below: Eating at the Horseshoe Table in the Dining Hall beneath portraits of famous Old Boys. These are, from left, Lord Oaksey, Lord Allenby and Lord Attlee

As the amalgam of two particularly strong traditions of service, Haileybury and Imperial Service College gained its distinctive character. But with the celebrations of its centenary this Friday and Saturday, June 22 and 23, one can also see how much the school has developed in 100 years. Haileybury, situated in open, wooded country, 20 miles north of London and 2½ miles east of Hertford, takes its name from the old Manor of Hailey, where the East India College was built by William Wilkins in 1806. The imposing main buildings, the Quadrangle and the Terrace Front, are still the centre of the school. For fifty years until 1858, these buildings saw the training of Indian Civil Servants. Then the East India Company was dissolved. Four years later Haileybury was opened as a public school. In 1874 one of the Haileybury House Masters became the first Head Master of the United Services College at Westward Ho ! This moved to Windsor to become the Imperial Service College, and in 1942 Haileybury and I.S.C. amalgamated, with the main school at Haileybury and the junior school at Windsor.

Round the Main Quadrangle are situated the Chapel, largely reconstructed in 1936; the Library, Reading Room, and six of the houses. Five additional houses were added later; the present form rooms were built in 1908; "Big School," the Assembly Hall, in 1912; in 1932 the Dining Hall; in the following year, Science Laboratories; and this year sees the official opening of the Centenary Study wing, with accommodation for fifty-four boys.

The ceremony is being performed on Saturday, as part of the celebrations, by Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir William Dickson, President of the

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Carrying their books, boys walk across the Main Quadrangle. **Right:** After a lesson has ended, boys leave the Science Laboratories

CENTENARY AT HAILEYBURY

(*Continued from previous page*)

Haileybury Society. Other events during the day include cricket and tennis matches between the School and Old Boys, music by the band of the Junior Wing, Royal Marines School of Music, *son et lumière* on the Terrace, and fireworks. On the previous day, Speech Day, prizes are to be presented by Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the School Visitor.

At present the school has 570 boys. Familiar to them are portraits of Old Boys hanging in the Dining Hall. These show the strength of the school's traditions—Viscount Allenby, educated there in the '70's, one of the most distinguished of England's soldiers; Lord Oaksey, Lord Justice of Appeal and Lord of Appeal in Ordinary; and Lord Attlee, one of the most influential Prime Ministers this century.

Paying attention during a form in chemistry

Boys take part in a practice in the Chapel. **Right:** In the Chapel Cloisters, near part of the memorial to the Old Boys who died in the 1914-18 War

Haileybury and I.S.C. from the air. This photograph, taken in 1953 by Aero Films, clearly shows the Main Quadrangle and other buildings

in the well-equipped chemistry laboratory. **Below:** A form in metal work

Boys construct a dinghy during a woodwork lesson

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AT THE BATH AND WEST

My wife was never one to let opportunity slip. When I told her that I had been engaged to appear on colour television throughout the four days of the Bath and West Show, her reaction was immediate: " We must get some new clothes. You need a new suit and I. . . ."

Now, I could not see why I needed a new suit. I possess three suits: one made for me between the wars by one of the most famous of London tailors; a dark one which becomes funerals and weddings equally well, and one which is known in the family as " that cheap garment," simply because it was bought off the peg. The first, though aged, must still be kept for better things; the second was obviously unsuitable, but the third, which is really a very nice suit (a neat check with just a suggestion of horsiness about it) was ideal. And I said so. So we settled for . . . well, it is astonishing what you need for watching television. Suffice it to say that my fee was pretty well bespoke before I went to Taunton. And then we started for Taunton on a cold, wet day with an unpromising forecast, so most of the new wardrobe was left behind.

We arrived, more than a little downcast, for there is nothing so depressing as an agricultural show in wet weather. The pouring rain was carried on a chill north-east wind. There was not a sign of " lift ": the morning's forecast seemed all too accurate. But the following day was brilliantly sunny and, in fact, throughout the four days, there was never a hint of rain and scarcely a cloud in the sky. It was ideal weather, with just enough wind to temper the sun and keep the flies away.

I have been to every Bath and West Show since the war. This one surpassed them all, and not merely from the weather point of view: the Bath and West is usually lucky in its weather. The site was as near perfect as it would be possible to find (almost all of it on the level) and the layout of the 70 acres so well planned that you could actually find what you wanted to find simply by referring to the map: a thing that I have never before been able to do at an agricultural show of this size. Moreover, the organisers had, this year, been at great pains to consider the public as well as the exhibitors, which, in agricultural showdom, is practically revolutionary.

There were 40 acres of car-parks, so arranged that you had the minimum distance to walk from your car to the showground itself, and so thoroughly controlled that, though the attendance over the four days was far larger than it has been for years past, you could get in or out at any time of the day with never a hold-up. I am sure that the fall in attendances at agricultural shows in recent years has been very largely due to the lack of consideration given to the paying public. I am reinforced in this opinion by the fact that the attendance on the first day here was well below the figure for the same day last year, and far above on the other days. The weather helped, of course, but it is worth while remembering that last year and the year before were also fine for the period of the Show and that in those years it was held near much larger centres of population: Bristol and Bath. I am sure that, after the first day, word got round that this was a Show you could get into and leave without trouble. I do not know if the Bath and West will show a profit this year—it must be some years since it has done so—but such skilful and unobtrusive organisation deserves to succeed.

Not, mind you, that I saw much of the Show itself. I had to spend most of each morning and afternoon interviewing people in a tent rigged up as a studio. I cannot even tell you much about colour television. Being on it, I could not watch it. But the glimpse or two I did get surprised me. The colour is very much better, much more faithful than I, remembering the first technicolour films, had expected. But it did seem to me that the pictures taken in the studio were infinitely superior to those taken outside in the main ring. Within the studio the lighting is perfect, always at the same intensity, always under control: outside it varies naturally from minute to minute, and this must, I suppose, have some effect on the quality of the picture.

If this is a criticism, it is not one that occurred to the public. They passed through a viewing tent, set up a few hundred yards from the studio tent, at the rate of 100 every three minutes for four-and-a-half hours each day. This meant a total of approximately 9,000 a day, and there was never a gap in the queue. I did not hear a single criticism. Indeed, some people passed through the tent again and again. Novelty or not, they would not have done so had the picture been poor.

Although I did not see much of the Show and know little more about colour television, I did learn something about the people who go to agricultural shows. Other than V.I.P.s, my interviewees were picked at random from the crowds and exhibitors. Take the farmers showing animals. I was astonished at the number of prize-winners who were, so to speak, hobby-farmers. It is the stockbroker, the surgeon, the engineer, the man who earns his main living at some other profession, who can afford to exhibit on a large scale. The commercial, the working farmer, cannot afford the time to do so, and, mostly, is not in the least interested.

The big trade exhibitors are there, of course, for prestige purposes. They cannot afford not to be. The smaller trade exhibitors, mostly shopkeepers and small individual manufacturers (some from as far away as Yorkshire) are there for business. I should not have thought it worth while, but evidently it is. The crowd is largely made up of townspeople, having a day out, with no particular interest in agriculture. They go and look at the animals and the events in the main ring, and then walk round the stands. One after another, exhibitors assured me that it is the women who buy. There is apparently a good sale for shooting-sticks in the evening when the stiletto heels begin to tell! The women apparently buy because it is all in the open air. The goods can be seen without having to open a shop door. I think there must be something in this. My wife found a stand with handmade sheepskin coats and sheepskin hats to match. She was never one to let opportunity slip.

Part of the procession moves "along the Scotswood Road," Newcastle, celebrating the centenary of " Blaydon Races." The procession started from the cloth market outside Balmbras, the music hall mentioned in the famous song

The Dulwich College team take the field in their away match against Epsom

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

EPSOM

v.

DULWICH

In perfect cricketing weather on a good pitch, Epsom entertained their visitors, Dulwich, in a high scoring game, which ended in a draw. The visitors won the toss and batted first. Their opening pair, N. J. Thompson and N. B. Bennett, scored 103 before being parted, Thompson making 59 and Bennett 49. The later batsmen also scored well, notably J. S. Bottle and J. Dobson, and Dulwich were able to declare at 241 for 8. The home team's bowlers, particularly the spinners, had an expensive match and were not helped by several dropped catches.

Epsom were also given a good start by their opening pair, G. J. Wells-Cole and W. G. Campbell, who made 69 before Campbell was bowled round his legs for 39. A fine partnership followed between Wells-Cole, who went on to score 81 before being bowled, and J. S. G. Cotman, the Epsom captain, who made 50. The left-arm bowler, H. J. George, managed to restrict the rate of run-getting. With twenty minutes remaining, Epsom needed 37 to win, but failed to get them, ending the day at 231 for 7. In all, 472 runs were scored during the match.

The Epsom eleven go out to field. **Right:** The Epsom opening batsmen—G. J. Wells-Cole and W. G. Campbell

G. J. Wells-Cole bowling. He took three Dulwich wickets

N. J. Thompson (Dulwich) drives off the back foot. He scored 59

I. R. N. Young (Dulwich) is bowled by G. J. Wells-Cole

R. I. Lewis, the Dulwich captain

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Lack of wind was the only thing that jeopardised the success of the W. D. and H. O. Wills Trophy race held for the first time last year. This made the hundred or so entries drift around the course for a very much longer time than had been intended. Let us hope that this time the competitors will have better luck and the course will be sailed in reasonable time.

Again the race is organised in association with the Royal Southern Yacht Club. The course round the Isle of Wight is 77 miles, and the yachts will sail round to the westwards, sailing along the north shore of the island to begin with. The start near the mouth of the Hamble River is at 20.45 hours on Friday, June 29, and given average conditions the yachts should finish some time soon after midday on the Saturday.

Yachts with a minimum R.O.R.C. rating of 16 ft. can enter, and the fleet will be divided into five classes of roughly equal numbers according to rating. The first prize is the Wills Trophy, a silver wine cooler, 100 guineas, and a souvenir of a silver cigarette-box. The winners of each class will receive trophies, 25 guineas and silver ashtrays.

As an innovation there is also to be a power-boat race on a different course (to be announced) on Saturday, June 30, starting at 11.00 hours. The boats will race in three classes: petrol-driven inboard engines, diesel-driven inboard engines and outboards. The maximum overall length of boats is 40 ft.,

Last year's Wills Trophy race of 77 miles round the Isle of Wight was handicapped by lack of wind. It is being held this year, over the same course, on June 29

and Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills are providing substantial money prizes and a silver cigarette-box for the overall winner. The boats will race without handicap.

This race will be an opportunity for trying out some of the entries for the great *Daily Express* International Powerboat Race to take place on Saturday, September 8, from Cowes to Torbay. This will be the second time this race has been run.

There are already over twenty-five known entries for this great event, and last year's winner, Tommy Sopwith, is planning to take part again in a new, bigger and more powerful boat. It is also known that several of the foreign competitors of last year are coming again with bigger and better boats.

Renato Levi, of Italy, who in *La Speranziella* led the fleet for the first 100 miles last time, is building two new boats to take part. American Dick Bertram, whose stable supplied last year's runner-up *Yo-Yo*, is preparing at least three boats, I am told. One of these is *Blue Moppie*, which was second in the 1962 Miami-Nassau race. The winner on that occasion was also a Bertram boat, *Aokone* driven by Johnny Bakos.

Francis Chichester hoists more sail as he heads out to the Atlantic from Plymouth at the start of his singlehanded voyage to New York. He won the first transatlantic solo yacht race in 1960

Arising from my notes (May 19 issue) on the City of London Festival Dinghy Race to be sailed on July 21, a reader has drawn my attention to a particular aspect of that very promising event. Seven dinghy classes have been chosen by the organisers, on the grounds of being the most suitable, to take part.

My correspondent has written to me making the highly interesting point that four out of these seven classes were originated by a London designer who works at Putney, Jack Holt: The Merlin, the Enterprise, the G.P. 14 and the Solo. It is also quite certain that some of the National 12-footers racing will be of his designs. This is a restricted class in which designers have freedom within certain limits, and Holt has designed many successful National 12-footers. As the first-mentioned three classes, the Merlin, the Enterprise and the G.P. 14 are likely to provide the largest numbers of entries, it is quite probable that the majority of dinghies in this race, expected to number 300, will be Holt designed. My correspondent thinks that this makes Jack Holt the father-figure of dinghy racing on London River.

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

WYKE GREEN

The 11th green and fairway, which will be lost to Wyke Green when the South Wales motorway is built

From left are Mr. A. C. Charlton, the chairman, Mr. F. Curzon, a founder-member of the club, Mr. J. Lovelock, the club professional, and Major A. J. Roberts, the secretary

A general view of the Club House and putting green

Situated nine miles from the heart of London, in Syon Lane, Osterley, not far from the Great West Road, the course lies in a pleasant countryside setting, in spite of the proximity of the Piccadilly Underground. This runs through the course, but is well screened by trees, and more than makes up for its presence by its convenience, as Osterley Station is nearby. The course was established in 1929 and is laid out in two loops. This saves congestion and attracts players on to the course when they cannot spare the time for the full round. The first two and last two holes are on the Club House side of the railway, and there is a glimpse of the railway from the 10th. Otherwise it does not obtrude and the embankments add to the seclusion. The total length of the course is 6,216 yards (S.S.S. 71). The Club is to lose its 11th hole later in the year, because the land is needed for the new South Wales motorway, but plans are being drawn up for a new hole on additional ground. There is a flourishing ladies' section and the Club House contains a mixed lounge which serves as a restaurant and a billiards room as well as housing most of the club's social activities.

Next in this series will be Gog-Magog Golf Club in the issue of June 30

From left are Mrs. L. Charlton (ladies' captain), Mr. G. Worman (captain) and Miss E. Hanney (ladies' secretary)

From left are Mr. F. Lanstone, Mr. J. J. Esser, Mr. C. Brooks and Mr. J. Flexman. **Right:** From left are Mr. J. Campbell, Mr. J. W. B. Stuart, Mr. S. Clifford and Mr. S. Chant

TRAVEL

DOWN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE

By **GORDON COOPER**

Having sailed the Seven Seas, I have no hesitation in stating that I consider the sail up the Estuary of the Clyde—the fifty-mile stretch between Ailsa Craig and Greenock—to be the fairest approach to any of the world's great ports. There is, indeed, no other similar scene to which it can be compared, for here the continuous panorama of coastline, hills and mountains, islands and islets, is breathtaking.

While the people of Glasgow make full use of this idyllic holiday-land which is so close to their doorsteps, I feel that its merits deserve a wider appeal. For, surely, the heather moors, crystal streams, lovely lochs and enticing bays offer a complete change from ordinary everyday life.

May, June and September are usually the driest months in the Clyde area, and it is then the countryside looks its best. In the early summer the rhododendrons, the broom, the gorse and the wild flowers are in bloom, and the ferns that cover much of the land are a bright green; while in September you get the glory of the purple heather. Even in October there is great beauty with the autumnal tints,

One of the Clyde steamers—the *Jeanie Deans*

the ferns, now russet-coloured, covering the land like some rich carpet. And the nearby presence of the Gulf Stream contributes its share to a genial climate, so that in sheltered spots palms and fuchsias grow out in the open.

Not least of the attractions of a holiday on the Clyde Coast are the many sea excursions and cruises which can be made from the various resorts. The sheltered waters also provide unrivalled opportunity for sailing. Operating many of the Clyde steamer services is the Caledonian Steam Packet Co. Ltd. (Gourock) which is associated with British Railways, while there is also that famous Scottish organisation, Macbrayne's, which serves parts of the area with their steamer and coach services. Incidentally, Holiday Runabout tickets, both for train and steamer, and for steamer only, are on sale—a boon especially for families, not least because young persons under eighteen travel at half rate.

The Clyde steamer is an institution, and in the old days each ship, often individually owned, had its own personality and individual characteristics. Nowadays, of course, the steamers have been modernised, but some of the paddle-wheelers are still in commission. There is not, however, the old-time races between competitive steamers. I well remember, when a boy, being in *The Lord of the Isles*, which was in constant competition with the *Columba* on what is known as the Royal Route—through the Kyles of Bute to Ardrishaig. On this occasion both steamers were racing to be first at Tignabruaich Pier and neither would give way as they came closer and closer. Almost at the winning-post our ship drew ahead, and how the neighbouring glens re-echoed to the cheers of her passengers, while those on the *Columba* held their heads in silent shame. One can still experience wonderful moments on the modern ships, for there are always the accompanying gulls and the tonic of flashing spray in one's face. Most regrettably, the one-time traditional bands, a customary trio (harp, violin and accordion), have now disappeared, except on the *Queen Mary*, which travels between Glasgow and the Kyles of Bute.

The four chief resorts are undoubtedly Dunoon, Rothesay, Largs and Millport. At the height of the season all attract tens of thousands of trippers from Glasgow. Golfers need hardly be told about such famous courses as Troon, Prestwick, Turnberry and Machrihanish. Yachting is the other outstanding sport on the Clyde, and the annual "Fortnight" attracts many enthusiasts. This regatta lasts for a week—June 30 to July 7, this year—and the various races are held off different coastal resorts. Highland Games, too, are held in certain centres.

There are two parts of the Firth of Clyde which are particularly attractive: the island of Arran and Kintyre. Arran is an enchanted island, an epitome of Scotland, with its magic blue peaks and heather moors, its gurgling streams and golden beaches, while encircling this romantic dot of land in the ocean are the foam-tipped waters of the Firth of Clyde.

There are no towns on Arran, only villages. Every devotee of the island has his own particular preference. But I do not think you will go far wrong if on a first visit you decide on Brodick. It is also the port of call for the daily steamer from Fairlie Pier on the mainland. Walking, climbing and lazing are the main attractions, to which must be added the unspoiled beauties, the solid comfort of hotels and boarding-houses, and the hospitable spirit of a happy people, all combining to make this corner of Scotland one of its holiday highspots.

The Ceann-an-tir or "Headland" of Kintyre is a forty-mile-long peninsula, and from six to eight miles in width. Till the seventeenth century it belonged mostly to the Macdonalds of the Isles, but they were ousted by the Campbells. Campbeltown, the only town of size, can be reached by air, rail and steamer, or by bus from Glasgow (Macbrayne). During the nineteenth century smuggling and illicit distillation were the main occupations of the people, but in place of the former thirty-five distilleries there are now only two in full working order.

Six miles from Campbeltown is Machrihanish, where the great Atlantic rollers crash into foam on a truly magnificent beach. The chief attraction is golf, and the course is one of the finest in Scotland. Scenically, the Mull of Kintyre (ten miles from Campbeltown) is superb. Historically it is important, for it was here that Saint Columba first set foot on Scottish soil. His legendary footprints may be seen on a rock which is said to have been the pulpit from which he exhorted the Scots.

I have no space left to do more than name other holiday areas, such as Ayr, Kames and Tighnabruaich, both in the Kyles of Bute, and Loch Lomond and the Trossachs, which can be included in the district covered by the Firth of Clyde.

For further information, consult The Scottish Tourist Board, 2, Rutland Place, Edinburgh, 1. A useful guide is *Down the Clyde*, by Jack House (Chambers. 8s. 6d.).

A panorama of Gourock and the Clyde, looking towards Holy Loch and the Argyll hills

A steamer comes alongside the pier in Rothesay Bay, on the Isle of Bute

FLYING OFF FOR A BUSINESS DAY ON THE CONTINENT

A full day's work in a Continental city, or in Dublin, Belfast or Glasgow without a night away from home, is now becoming a commonplace practice with an increasing number of business-men. The waiting lounges at London Airport between 7.30 a.m. and 8 a.m. are packed these days with travellers armed with no more than a brief-case. It is unfortunate that airlines, however, have not fully appreciated the potential demand for early starts to places like Copenhagen, Dusseldorf, Geneva, Rome and Stockholm, and that night flights, while attractive to the holiday-maker wishing to travel more cheaply, are not popular with " commercial " travellers with a hard day's work in front of them. I remember last year trying to get to West London Air Terminal by 3.40 a.m., an almost impossible task, I may add, in order to catch a plane which would arrive at Kastrup Airport, Copenhagen, at 6.35 a.m., with a bus taking me into the Hammerichsgade at 7.15 a.m. I was tired out before I began. If only there had been a flight three hours later, or one back a little later than 4.15 p.m.

There are many places on the Continent and in this country where the services are so arranged that you can start by 10 a.m. and finish at 5 p.m. Here are a few examples. You can catch the " eight-five " to Amsterdam, arriving there at 9.15 a.m., returning on a convenient flight, the " five-ten," arriving back in London at six o'clock. There is also the " eight o'clock " to Frankfurt, and the " five-forty " you can catch there to bring you back by 6.55 p.m. The 7.55 a.m. to Brussels is useful for the man who likes, in a manner of speaking, a nine o'clock start. By catching a flight at 5.40 in the evening he can be back in this country by 6.50 p.m. Many of these early-morning flights have first and tourist accommodation, with breakfast being served en route.

But beware of the symbolism at the top of the time-table; that goblet may signify only a cup of coffee and a biscuit, although the crossed knife and fork may bring you a composite breakfast on a tray which is more than adequate.

On a recent early morning Glasgow flight both first and tourist accommodation was packed tight. I inquired how soon such mid-week flights began to be booked up and I was told that reservations begin a fortnight beforehand with places still available twenty-four hours before departure. " No show," as unreported cancellations are called, amount to 10 per cent., thus making it possible for some waiting-list passengers to be accommodated. I would not rely on this procedure, however, for the chances of being accepted at a late hour on any flight are remote.

With the onset of the Common Market there will be a great increase in the coming and going of business men between here and the Continent. It is quite possible that several planes will have to leave at the same time to meet the demand for particular foreign capitals. Once it is realised how easy and comfortable these day-journeys are, such a demand is very likely. During this past month I have been on two-day trips on business to Dublin and Glasgow, with a full day's work in each city. Both were most successful and not in the least tiring; my family hardly noticing that I had not gone to business as usual.

W. D. C. C.

BOOKS

HEROES OF AVIATION

The biography of one of the R.A.F.'s pathfinders and a portrait of Santos-Dumont; and this week's fiction

It was Air Vice-Marshal Bennett who founded the Pathfinder Force during the war and it was such men as Alec Cranswick, to whom the Air Vice-Marshal dedicated his autobiography, who made the Force such a successful weapon against the enemy. Now, Cranswick himself is the subject of a book, written both sympathetically and dramatically by Mr. Michael Cumming, and the character of this quiet but very real hero, who was killed on his 107th operational flight, comes to life for a wider public. An early photograph in PATHFINDER CRANSWICK (William Kimber. 25s.) shows him in the summer of 1940 with the members of his first crew, all of them youthful and himself still a boy at twenty-one. Four summers later, a few months before his death, there is a radiant picture of Squadron-Leader Cranswick, D.S.O., D.F.C., at his wedding, but it is the picture of a man and the marks and tensions of battle show. Between the two likenesses had stretched those continually hazardous, always tense years of total war which had not affected his basically modest character but which had, nevertheless, proved him a figure of heroic size.

SANTOS-DUMONT (Putnam. 30s.) was a pioneer of aviation and his exploits belong to the turn of the century and to the gay city that was Paris in those days. He grew up on his father's plantations in Brazil and came to France when he was eighteen, already firmly persuaded that air flight was a possibility for man and that it could be achieved in balloons, in airships and, just possibly, in heavier-than-air machines. Flying became his passion, together with the creation of the means of flying, and there are those who claim that he was actually airborne before the Wright brothers. In this long, really absorbing and often amusing book, Air Vice-Marshal Peter Wykeham, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., has traced the little man's career in what he has called "a study in obsession," and has made some wonderfully entertaining reading out of it.

Invincibly breezy and undauntedly a lover of travel, Miss Emily Kimbrough recently embarked in a minibus with a group of four friends and journeyed with them up and down Portugal, visiting, looking, eating, drinking and tirelessly recording the details of what appears to have been a most pleasant interlude, free from even the mildest attacks of that distressing complaint, Travellers' Acrimony. PLEASURE BY THE BUS-LOAD (Heinemann. 25s.) is amusing reading, and it is also highly informative, though Miss Kimbrough imparts facts gently, employing the "throwaway" technique of an accomplished actress. One piece of information is, surprisingly, that in Portugal almost no English is spoken. What! Our oldest allies? And then I tried to remember one person I knew—just *one*—who could speak Portuguese. But it is a delightful book.

DON GARRARD as Thomas Becket in Ildebrando Pizzetti's operatic version of *Murder in the Cathedral*, given its English première at the Coventry Festival and to be seen at Sadler's Wells Theatre in London in July

First in the list of novels this week, for more reasons than one, is Miss Margery Sharp's witty story, MARTHA IN PARIS (Collins. 13s. 6d.), which tells of the adventures of this stolid young girl in the *ville lumière*. Being Martha, of course, whom one has met earlier in *The Eye of Love*, we don't expect the implacably single-minded child to be interested in any part of Paris except the *atelier* to which her generous and percipient patron sends her and the lodging which will be required to provide her gargantuan meals. Between art classes and the ritual of food and sleep Martha, indeed, has little time to spare, but her artist's eye never ceases to discover forms and designs even when her strong sense of personal comfort also leads her to discover an English-owned flat where she may find a weekly hot bath. The complications due to the hot bath routine might have been tragic in any other circumstances: granted Martha's Mrs. Noah appearance and unique application of logic, they are only hilarious. I enjoyed Miss Sharp's book enormously. A sense of humour is a phrase worked half to death, but it is that which illuminates everything she writes.

PASSAGE TO THE PLACE VENDOME (W. H. Allen. 18s.), by Mr. Michael Blankfort, is concerned with an Atlantic crossing in a great French liner, a crossing during which an American boy and his grandfather, a widow unhappy for unconventional reasons, a French writer and her lover all find that certain of their problems are resolved. A little facile but extremely readable and the boy's emergent character sketched in with real understanding.

Mr. Richard Gordon's ebullient doctor is once more the hero, if the word is not too wildly inappropriate, of a series of adventures taking him, this time, to New York (where they do everything properly and have humidity as well as heat) and the seaside resort of Whortleton-on-Sea, England. DOCTOR IN THE SWIM (Michael Joseph. 13s.), as a literary lark, is good, and it 's clean and it 's funny. It also has the virtue, almost miraculous considering that this is the ninth book in the series, of retaining a real freshness and zest.

SAHARA'S FUTURE

A survey of the desert and its oil

General Faidherbe, who was once responsible for the whole of French "Black" Africa, was asked a century ago what future he saw for the vast region of the Sahara. His answer was swift and uncompromising: "A few date-growers in the least remote and most fertile oases, a few ostrich hunters." The general, if a good governor, was a bad prophet. Today the Sahara looms up as an Eldorado of the scientific age, with all the fascinating possibilities that could stem from a wealth of oil, and from the large-scale use of solar energy that must exist in a place where the sun shines more hotly and more constantly than in any place on earth. In SAHARA STORY (Robert Hale. 21s.) Edward Ward, who has travelled many thousands of miles through this desert terrain, describes its history and topography, starting with the Stone Age period when the Sahara was densely forested, and coming to the present day when the sands are already beginning to yield promising oil revenues for the French nation.

The Anglo-Irish conflict, which took place during and after the First World War, ended in the peace treaty of 1921. Just over a year before there occurred some of the most terrible events in the history of that struggle, within the space of one day, Bloody Sunday. The morning of that day was marked by "an operation essential to the aims of the Irish Republican Army." As crowds in the streets were passing to and from Mass the execution squads of the I.R.A. were storming into hotels and boarding-houses and shooting to death the British secret agents who were barring the way to Irish independence. The evening of that same day saw the massacre at Croke Park, during the soccer match between Tipperary and Dublin. James Gleeson describes these events of BLOODY SUNDAY (Peter Davies. 21s.) in a volume that may not be free from prejudice, but it certainly presents this dark facet of "the troubles" with telling force.

King Hussein of Jordan is a young man who has had an uncomfortably dramatic life, his capital at Amman being right in the cockpit of Middle Eastern affairs. He has now written an autobiography of these years under the title UNEASY LIES THE HEAD (Heinemann. 30s.). The final chapter deals with the King's marriage to a charming English girl, and one can only hope that they win for themselves the peace they are so energetically striving to win for their own land.

P. R. Reid, author of *The Colditz Story*, has found another dramatic theme in the life story of Air Commodore Freddie West, V.C. WINGED DIPLOMAT (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) tells of West's early and most unorthodox student days in Italy and Switzerland, of his great career in the R.F.C., and finally of his key position as head of British Air Intelligence in Switzerland in World War Two. Air Commodore West rendered much valuable aid to Allied airmen and the Allied cause.

For a long time to come, personal records of the Second World War in every theatre will continue to add to the literature of that vast conflict. Lieut.-Colonel Balfour Oatts's THE JUNGLE IN ARMS (William Kimber. 25s.) is a particularly individual narrative, telling of the author's command of the Western (Chin) Levies, hardy soldiers of the Indo-Burmese border who served Britain well in our years of peril, though neither their numbers nor their equipment ever seemed to be the same from day to day. Operating almost entirely without supplies, the Chins gave the Japanese a really hard time, holding them at bay until the tide on the frontier really began to turn. Lieut.-Colonel Oatts writes with enormous vitality and great pride in his bizarre but effective unit.

THE TREASURE OF TIME (Souvenir Press. 35s.) is a delightful anthology selected, edited and introduced by Leo Deuel, giving first-hand accounts by celebrated archæologists of their work in the Near East from Giovanni Belzoni, who explored the valley of the Kings, to Arthur Evans, of Minoan fame.

Richard Edmonds

Mr. Robert Henry gets better and better as a writer of adventure stories, a *genre* which is often either neglected or wrongly pigeon-holed as thrillers. Now, in CROSSWIND (Jonathan Cape. 18s.), he has produced a long and satisfying tale of revolution in a little Latin American republic and of conflict as seen from the point of view of a commercial airline pilot. All the flying scenes are marvellously well done and the technicalities presented with that flattering manner of sharing mutual knowledge rather than imparting it, which is rarer than triplanes. Recommended for your enjoyment.

HABEAS CORPUS AND OTHER STORIES (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.) make up a collection of eight elegantly written pieces by Mr. Peter Green, whose simplicity of style really does illustrate that tag of *ars celare artem*. Mr. Green has written about dons in love, about adolescents and *their* amorous perplexities, about Greek dialects, about passports and about V.I.P.s in transit. His stories have point as well as balance, and they provide some of the most civilised reading of the week.

Dr. Catherine Gavin's historical novel, THE CACTUS AND THE CROWN (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.), deals with the tragic experiment in Mexico in the '60's, when an inept member of the Hapsburg family and his beautiful, unstable wife were sent to Mexico, where they were imposed upon the people as Emperor and Empress. Dr. Gavin tells their story with impressive authority, allowing the drama of the situation and the violence of the Jaurez rebellion to speak for themselves.

There is a good variety in the thrillers this time, beginning with Mr. Nicolas Freeling's psychological thriller, LOVE IN AMSTERDAM (Gollancz. 15s), which really does merit that label, since its most exciting moments come, not from the violence of action, but from the thought processes of an accused man and the detective who is investigating his case. Quite remarkably interesting. MURDER HAS ITS POINTS (Hutchinson. 13s. 6d.) is an exercise in ingenuity by Frances and Richard Lockridge with their familiar New York background and a nice dispensation of humour and mystery. THE REPRIEVE OF ROGER MAINE (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) is set in the beautiful country of Northern California and is a story of considerable suspense, involving another mistaken suspect and his race against time to provide evidence of his innocence. Mr. Gordon McDonell writes with plenty of vigour and the pace of a sports car driver. Finally, ELLERY QUEEN'S 16TH MYSTERY ANNUAL (Gollancz. 15s.), which includes twenty-one good stories by such experts as Miss Margery Allingham, the Lockridges again, Stanley Ellin and Edmund Crispin, among others. A bonus is provided by the first publication of a Dashiell Hammett story and there is a neat tail piece by Mr. Anthony Boucher.

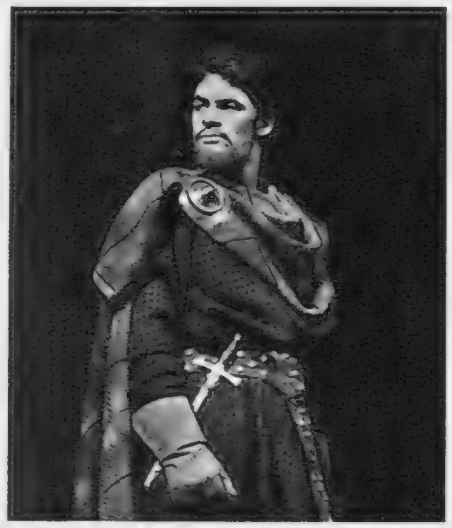
Vernon Fane

VICTORIAN THEATRE

Malcolm Morley's monograph, ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE (St. Marylebone Society Publication. 5s.), is a sequel to his *The Old Marylebone Theatre*. It tells of the nights of drama, farce, melodrama and comic turns at the old theatre which stood in Church Street, declined sadly into a cinema, and was badly blitzed in 1941. Opened in 1832, the theatre became the Theatre Royal, Marylebone, managed by the indefatigable Joe Cave. It changed its name over the years as it went from success to failure and back to success. Staple diet was the much-loved Victorian melodramas, in which heroines were tied to railway lines and heroes threatened by circular saws, and pantomimes, with titles such as *The Man in the Moon*; or *Harlequin Wonderland, all among the little Stars up in a Balloon*. The managements were nearly as gaudy as the melodramas they put on. Malcolm Morley brings back memories of the lively old days of the theatre with fine detail and infectious enthusiasm.

J. W.

The ghost of Banquo (Peter Jeffrey), left, stands over Lady Macbeth (Irene Worth). Centre is Macbeth (Eric Porter)



Macduff (Bill Travers)

MACBETH

at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford

There is a move afoot to rank *Macbeth* in that same category of intractable, near unactable, tragic genius into which for so long *King Lear* was pushed. To an era on the British stage conscious of the embarrassment of overacting, *Macbeth* may well seem a tricky play to bring off. The Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon is the latest to attempt the feat. The company has by now become much nearer a well-drilled ensemble of actors than any other in Britain. And led by Eric Porter and Irene Worth, they could be expected to give an intelligent version. As directed by Donald McWhinnie, against bare massive stone sets by John Bury, the drama has a proper air of Scots primitivism, but was generally agreed by the critics to be something less than overwhelming.

Macbeth (Eric Porter)

Lady Macbeth (Irene Worth)

The dining-room at Polesden Lacey, which has rich silk brocade hangings and a marble fireplace in the neo-Grecian style, houses Mrs. Greville's collection of English portraits

Dr. Stopford, Bishop of London, in the dedication ceremony of the restored Transept of St. Paul's

GLORIES RESTORED

Polesden Lacey, near Ranmore Common in Surrey, was built in 1824 to a design of Thomas Cubitt. It was built on the site of a Caroline House of 1632, which was owned in the eighteenth century by the playwright Sheridan, who called it " the nicest place in England within a prudent distance of London." As the home of Mrs. Ronald Greville, the present house became famous in the Edwardian era as a place of social entertainment. When Mrs. Greville died in 1942 the house was bequeathed to the National Trust. In 1960 it was badly damaged by fire; this damage has now been restored and the house was re-opened to the public recently. The house contains a valuable collection of pictures, tapestry and furniture, all of which were saved from the fire.

Another important restoration completed recently was the North Transept of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, which was wrecked by a bomb in April 1941. The restored transept, which now includes a small chapel, was dedicated by Dr. Robert Stopford, the Bishop of London, last week.

Lord Beaverbrook, a National Trust member, at Polesden Lacey

The corridor at Polesden Lacey, with panelling and ceiling added this century. **Below:** The hall, showing the carved oak panelling over the fireplace, the original 17th-century reredos from St. Matthew's Church, Friday Street, Cheapside, in London

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

Over a holiday weekend I was able to visit again that charming French country hostelry about which I wrote before last winter. This is the Hotel Clément, at Ardres, about ten miles from Calais, on the St. Omer road, and I consider it to be the most easily accessible inn of its kind, with a particularly high standard of cuisine. This was recognised by the Wine and Food Society, whose members flew over for a special lunch last year. The event was such a success that it was repeated again in April of this year.

Since I last wrote about it, another form of recognition has come to the Hotel Clément. In the 1962 edition of the *Guide Michelin* it is marked with that very valuable accolade, the star for good cooking. This star really means something in France. What makes it useful to the tourist is that it is easier to lose than to obtain, and so it keeps the owners of hotels in possession of it very much on their toes.

I felt that the star's effect was noticeable during the very busy weekend I was there, but in spite of the increased number of Sunday lunches and dinners served, there was no loss of quality. It merely meant that all concerned—M. Gantelme, the patron, M. Coolen, the chef, their wives and all their most efficient and charming staff—were working even harder than they used to before. If only we could have this kind of inn in this country, where the host and the chef are the owner and his family personally running their establishment.

The food was exquisite as always. The specialities I enjoyed most included the *Terrine Truffée du Chef*—I would never miss this treat when I eat there; Poached Turbot with perfect Sauce Hollandaise, a particularly flavoursome grilled *Andouillette*, the featherlight *Quenelles de Brochet Financière* (in a delicious sauce of sweetbreads and mushrooms), *Gigot d'Agneau* as it is only cooked in France: slightly pink, juicy and garlic-studded, and *Steak au Poivre*, a minor masterpiece of M. Coolen. For dessert the great speciality is *Les Délices du Chef au Grand Marnier*, and the *Vacherin Glacé* is equally delicious, to mention only two possibilities.

M. Gantelme runs a very fine cellar, too: twice a year he visits the wine-growing districts and does his own buying. This time I greatly enjoyed a really young Beaujolais, a Brouilly 1961. It slipped down so pleasantly, served cool, at cellar temperature, as it should be. Another rather more unusual but nevertheless delectable experience I enjoyed was an old Provençal wine, a 1949 Chateau Pradeaux of Bandol. It was amazingly smooth with a surprising bouquet.

The Hotel Clément is very accessible from London. It is an easy drive to Southend Airport, where cars can be parked at the reasonable charge of 3s. a day. Channel Air Bridge run frequent services to Calais-Mark, taking half an hour, and from there the Hotel Clément is only a short taxi ride. The same airline, incidentally, fly the supply of live lobsters from England for the Hotel Clément at times when supplies are better over here, and the Scotch salmon, much appreciated by the French clientele, also travels that way.

When I mentioned the wine of Château Grillet a few weeks ago I referred to its unique character and great scarcity value because of the minute annual production. I also wrote that it has been likened to Hock. Now that I have had an opportunity of tasting both the 1959 and the 1960 vintage by the courtesy of Mr. Gerald Asher, whose firm has succeeded in getting a small supply for this country, I am able to form my own opinion.

The vines (the *cépage* is the Viognier) grow on small ledges only a yard or two wide on a steep hillside. The soil is granitic, black, gritty sand. The grapes are picked as late as possible and *pourriture noble* (noble rot, caused by a fungus) is encouraged. The sugar content is greatly increased in the grapes through this, but it is fully fermented, and the wine is not sweet. Otherwise it is reminiscent of the best Sauternes. Its richness is there in the form of a unique unctuousness.

When tasting it one can imagine the whole story. The flowery bouquet of the Viognier grape, the firm crispness coming from the granite soil, and finally the slight bitter-sweetness of the *pourriture noble* appear in that order while one savours this rare wine of great charm. Although the supply is very limited, there is a chance that your wine merchant can supply the odd bottle.

Michael Stafford, who used to look after me so well when he was a partner in a small restaurant (a favourite of mine in Chelsea until it changed hands about two years ago), now has his own place in Soho. This new restaurant is the Number Four in Greek Street, and I was delighted to see him again when I had dinner there.

The décor is tasteful in the modern idiom, with clever spot-lighting on to the tables. This makes it possible to see well what one is eating, and also pleases the lady guests, whose faces remain in a flattering semi-darkness. The service is most courteous under the eye of the owner; the cooking is just as good as I remembered from the old days. The *Bœuf Bourgignon* is the same, and among the many new dishes on the menu, I particularly liked the *Duckling Grand Marnier*. There are several other excellent specialities to choose from; the wine list is well composed and the prices are reasonable.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Andrew MacTaggart

Sir Andrew MacTaggart is chairman of Balfour, Beatty and Co. Ltd., the leading civil, electrical and mechanical engineers and contractors. He has had a long career in civil engineering and is a well-known and highly influential figure in this industry. Born at Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, of Scottish parents, Andrew McCormick MacTaggart was educated at Kilmarnock Academy and Glasgow Technical College, then served his four years' indenture as a civil engineer. From 1910-1912 he was Assistant Engineer, Caledonian Railway, in Glasgow, and in the next four years held the same post on the Nigerian Government Railways. In 1916 he began his long association with Balfour, Beatty as Engineering Manager, becoming successively Civil Engineer, Chief Civil Engineer and director, until in 1952 he became chairman. He was knighted in 1951. Sir Andrew was responsible for the design and construction of the Grampian Company's hydro-electric development in Scotland; was in charge of the construction of the Lochaber Hydro-Electric Scheme in Scotland; and was responsible for the construction of hydro-electric developments in Italy, India and East Africa, and of large irrigation and railway works in Iraq. Other aspects of his career have included military service with the Royal Engineers in France from 1917 to 1918; and having been three times President of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors between 1948 and 1951. He is a member of the Council of the British Employers' Confederation and a member of the National Savings Committee. He holds a wide range of chairmanships and directorships. Sir Andrew and his wife, formerly Irene Countess of Craven, live at Edenbridge, in Kent. His hobbies are fishing and shooting

INTROSPECTION IN THE COAL INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

"Automatic mining" is a phrase that has been used fairly often in the coal industries of the world; understandably, it expresses a mining engineer's dream. One of the massive and voracious American machines that Britain imported in the early post-war years to employ in the mechanisation of its pits was indeed called an "automatic miner"; and in favourable conditions it could produce a prodigious amount of coal for every miner on the job. But in Britain, with our wide variety of conditions, seldom as favourable as those in transatlantic mines, it couldn't be used very widely.

In one of its pits in Leicestershire the National Coal Board has recently been trying out experimental equipment that takes this idea of automaticity a step further than simply highly productive conventional mechanisation. If this power-loader works in practical mining conditions, it would work on its own. It employs sensing mechanisms—in this case, a gamma-ray detector sensitive to coal—ahead of the actual cut to follow the direction and level of the seam, cutting itself into the coal-face without any miner at all nearby. Such a principle, if it proves successful and economical in actual working conditions, takes not only the physical effort but also a large degree of the control out of the hands of the miner. There is no reason why it should not, if perfected, be applied to more than one kind of power-loading equipment for coal-mining.

There are engineers in some extractive industries who would think of this painstaking effort to get coal with fewer and fewer human miners as too hopeful from the start. Coal lies horizontally in the ground, not vertically, so that some of the caving techniques, making use of gravity, that are employed in certain kinds of metal ores don't suit it; nor is its eventual value per ton comparably high. The sceptics can also point to the inherent difficulties of extracting a bulky solid from rock strata several hundred feet below the surface, moving it to one of the few points where it can be taken up vertically, and pulling it up in a rather simple form of lift. For coal has to be compared, as it now has to compete, with a liquid mineral. The oil driller goes much deeper, and may have to drill many wells before he finds oil. But once he does the oil usually flows to the foot of the well from wherever it happens to be in the surrounding porous strata, and gets itself up to where the oilman is waiting for it.

Competing with coal against oil, therefore, is perhaps an inherently discouraging business. As the National Coal Board would now dauntlessly argue, there are some impressive gains to be had in productivity per miner, even before the industry gets to large-scale use of automatic control at the coalface. Those gains, recorded steadily over the last five years since the industry moved out of its era of shortage, may for some years ahead to be enough offset rising costs in coal—the biggest one of which is miners' wages. The Coal Board, under Lord Robens, appreciates that over the years it is likely to have to continue increasing the wages of its labour, though perhaps not at the rate it has had to since the war. By putting in more and more labour-saving machinery, and concentrating its output even more than it does today on to the most productive divisions, areas, and pits in the industry, it hopes to be able to hold coal prices steady.

Whether that will be enough to compete with oil is arguable. There are many, admittedly, who fear that before long the world's oil industry will have to pay more to the "host governments" of the countries from which it produces the oil, and therefore believe that the fall in oil prices that has upset so many fuel markets in recent years cannot continue. But even if today's prices level off, it will be hard for the coal industries in Europe, and Britain's among them, to stand up to the competition of oil. There are areas of technique into which it is hard for oil to follow coal—for instance, the smelting of iron; but even these are not invulnerable to its encroachment, and blast furnaces in Britain are already using the new tricks of oil injection to enrich (and reduce in quantity) the coke charge. Moreover, coal from the United States, where the cut back to efficient capacity occurred earlier than in Europe and where the physical conditions in mining, on the average, are much easier, is still being imported into Europe and could be imported into Britain.

Lord Robens, who has brought the British coal industry into a surprisingly chipper state of morale, considering its manifest difficulties and its rather sad retreat from the bounding ambitions of five years ago, hopes to make the National Coal Board break even financially this year. This will deserve short-term congratulation. Getting the industry back into shape has been essential. So has his second task of making it think commercially, with the accent on what can be sold and what the customer wants. But there have been few signs yet of any long-term reappraisal of the industry's market opportunities; at least, the Coal Board is publishing none of its prognostications.

Coal is one of the industries whose prospects are to be examined individually, and impartially, by an outside body, the National Economic Development Council; and this will mean laying some of its own assessments, hopes and fears on the table. It is also likely to be entering a specific rather than a general European community, the European Coal-Steel Community based on Luxembourg; that community, also, has recently been considering the forward prospects for the whole of Europe's coal industries.

In Europe this examination appears to have been a cold-blooded one—as it may indeed be also in the conclaves of "Neddy." Admittedly, the coal producers of Europe, like those of Britain, would like to look forward to a future in which they go on producing about as much coal as at present. They realise that this will mean a steady growth in the share of oil and perhaps natural gas imported from outside in a growing total fuel consumption in Europe, though they are not too happy about a growth in imports of coal. But they hope for relative stability—rather as the Coal Board under Lord Robens hopes for sales of something approaching its present 200,000,000 tons a year (which is not much short of half the combined output of the West European Coal industries).

However, the E.C.S.C. High Authority in Luxembourg and the Common Market Commission in Brussels have been considering some much more pessimistic forward estimates for coal than these. They feel that anything like stability at present levels would depend upon maintaining a large measure of protection for European mining. Take away duties on fuel oil and import quotas upon American coal, and one would have to face drastic further cuts in the European coal industries. Indeed, some of these pessimists have talked of coal industries in ten years' time producing only about half as much as they do today. That would be the extreme of allowing completely free imports, which few people advocate: Russian oil as well as Arabian, Polish coal as well as American.

It takes no account of such possibilities as the reservation of such consuming industries as electricity for coal, until nuclear generation can economically compete; or of protection for at least a margin of mining capacity which the parent countries would be unwilling to see abandoned. So far it is a prospect that the National Coal Board, in its present mood of determined optimism, simply refuses to consider in public. But the Board is well aware of these gloomy European prognostications, and not short of dismal calculators within its own Hobart House. So the happier public face that the Board can bravely put on today must conceal some gnawing introspection within.

Left and below: Solid fuel domestic appliances and cookers on display at the National Coal Board's recently-opened modern showroom, the Housewarming Centre, at Kingston-upon-Thames. The showroom was transformed from a public-house in only eleven weeks by Richard Lonsdale-Hands Associates Limited, the industrial design company. Besides the ground floor showroom, there is a second floor showroom, a bathroom and fully-equipped kitchen

Welders anneal the ends of superheater tubes on a watertube boiler, for installation in a Norwegian tanker to be launched from the Wallsend yard of Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson Ltd.

A flange-cutting machine in operation in the Fabrication Shop at the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Co. Ltd.

Part of the ventilation system for a new Bank Line cargo ship, the *Marabank*, is turned under heat

MARINE ENGINES

One of the bays in the main engine shop. In the foreground are Wallsend Sulzer engines on test or under erection

A cylinder jacket for a Sulzer engine is machined, the first operation after casting has been completed. The machine, No. 247, was installed in 1904 and still plays a useful part in the working of the engine shop, but most of the shop's machinery has been modernized

The work of the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Co., Ltd., is, in their own words, " to make ships tick "—to construct the main engines, the boilers and part of the auxiliary machinery for new ships. The company, which is the largest producer of engines within the Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson Group on Tyneside, is also well known as specialists in the design and manufacture of oil-burning equipment for both marine and land application. A subsidiary company, Hubbard Combustion Limited, has been responsible for the oil-burning equipment in many of London's new office blocks.

The original Wallsend Slipway Company was formed in 1871 to repair small ships, but within three years it branched out into marine engine and boiler construction, and in 1878 the company received its present name. Its chief activity today is the construction of Sulzer, Doxford and Stork diesel engines and steam turbines of Pametrada design. Turbines of English Electric and A.E.I. design are made for ships of the Royal Navy.

To produce these engines the Wallsend Slipway has a fabrication shop capable of producing the largest engines, ferrous and non-ferrous foundries and a machine shop. Turbine blades are made in a special department and assembled on to the rotors; the rotors are dynamically balanced in an adjacent department and the complete unit is delivered to the test bed.

The ship-repair department consists of a dry dock 540 ft. long and 66 ft. wide, with machine shops, cranes and jetty accommodation for the largest ships. There is a 150-ton cantilever crane, and other facilities of the Slipway can be used for such work as the reblading of steam turbines and the overhauling of diesels.

Since the end of the last war the company has undergone £2,000,000 worth of modernisation. Plant and buildings have been either improved or rebuilt, and new machinery installed. Apprentice training has been expanded; a school was built in 1951, which is now used by many other companies.

A 1¼-in. boiler end is flanged. When completed this boiler is intended for a trawler of the Loyal Steam Fishing Co. Ltd.

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INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

GARAGES GALORE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

By the end of this year, perhaps 7,000,000 owners of cars and vans in Britain will have to produce a certificate of car fitness to licence their vehicles. The first step, this summer, will cover seven-year-old vehicles, while another regulation, expected in the autumn, will lower the age to four or five years. This new move, which follows the introduction of ten-year tests in 1960, will be accompanied by stricter checking of certificates.

This regulation will mean a massive amount of work for Britain's garages, but the Motor Agents' Association has stated that garages will be able to cope, provided they receive sufficient notice. Britain's garage owners stand to receive an important increase in business, which can be expected to continue as motorists spend more to keep their cars roadworthy. Garages, by contrast with car dealers, are mainly private companies. To set up a service garage requires relatively little capital. If the owner wants to sell petrol, this will generally be financed by the petrol company, who will also want him to increase the range of services.

For investors, the best course is to choose one of the well-established dealers, preferably for one of the two major car rivals, Ford Motor and the British Motor Corporation, and which has developed a garage and service business.

One newcomer to this group of quoted companies, which combines car retailing and servicing, is Caffyns, who hold exclusive distributorships for B.M.C. over large parts of Kent and Sussex. Caffyns sell more than 10,000 new and used cars and commercial vehicles a year, but the prospectus also showed that more than 50 per cent. of profits come from servicing and repair; Caffyns also sell more than 5,000,000 gallons of petrol a year. Reflecting this policy, and the directors' aim of concentrating in a prosperous part of south-east Britain, profits have grown rapidly, from an average of £100,000 in the early 1950's to some £350,000 before tax in the last three years.

Kennings ranks easily as the largest of the distributor-service garage groups in Britain. With assets of more than £11,000,000 they earn trading profits of nearly £2,000,000 a year with petrol sales nearly three times larger than Caffyns'. Total vehicles sales by the Kennings Group reached nearly 40,000 last year. Based on Yorkshire, the Group has expanded into East Anglia, the South-West and into the London area. Kennings operate their own tyre remould factory and are reported to be planning their own hire purchase finance: at present they are linked with one of the large h.p. finance houses. Reporting for 1960-61, Mr. G. Kenning told shareholders that expansion on the service and parts side had more than offset lower earnings from second-hand vehicles.

A major specialist garage firm is Lex Garages, whose ordinaries were first sold to the public two years ago. Lex's slight fall in net profits for 1961 rather disappointed the City, though this mainly reflected difficult conditions in the motor trade—especially in selling cars costing more than £2,000, which no longer rank for companies' depreciation relief. Lex were one of the pioneers of large-scale garage units, though their profit performance so far has been disappointing.

Lex's Bristol garage has yet to operate at a surplus, but the underground garages in the City of London and their joint project with Selfridge's appear now to be paying off. Lex profits should also benefit from their wide interests which range from the Nenette car cleaner to a fuel injection system which is produced by the Simms Motor Group on a royalty basis.

Alongside servicing, car hire has emerged as one of the main expansion sectors of the garage business over recent years. Here, one of the best-known names is Godfrey Davis, the London group who operate what is probably Britain's largest car hire fleet. In the 1961 balance sheet this fleet appeared at just over £1,300,000, after depreciation of more than £300,000. Godfrey Davis also operate one of the largest servicing and repair depots in North London, which they run along with a main dealer's franchise for Ford. The Group have also acquired a Ford dealership in West London, though changing demand for new cars still seems to have a major effect on total earnings.

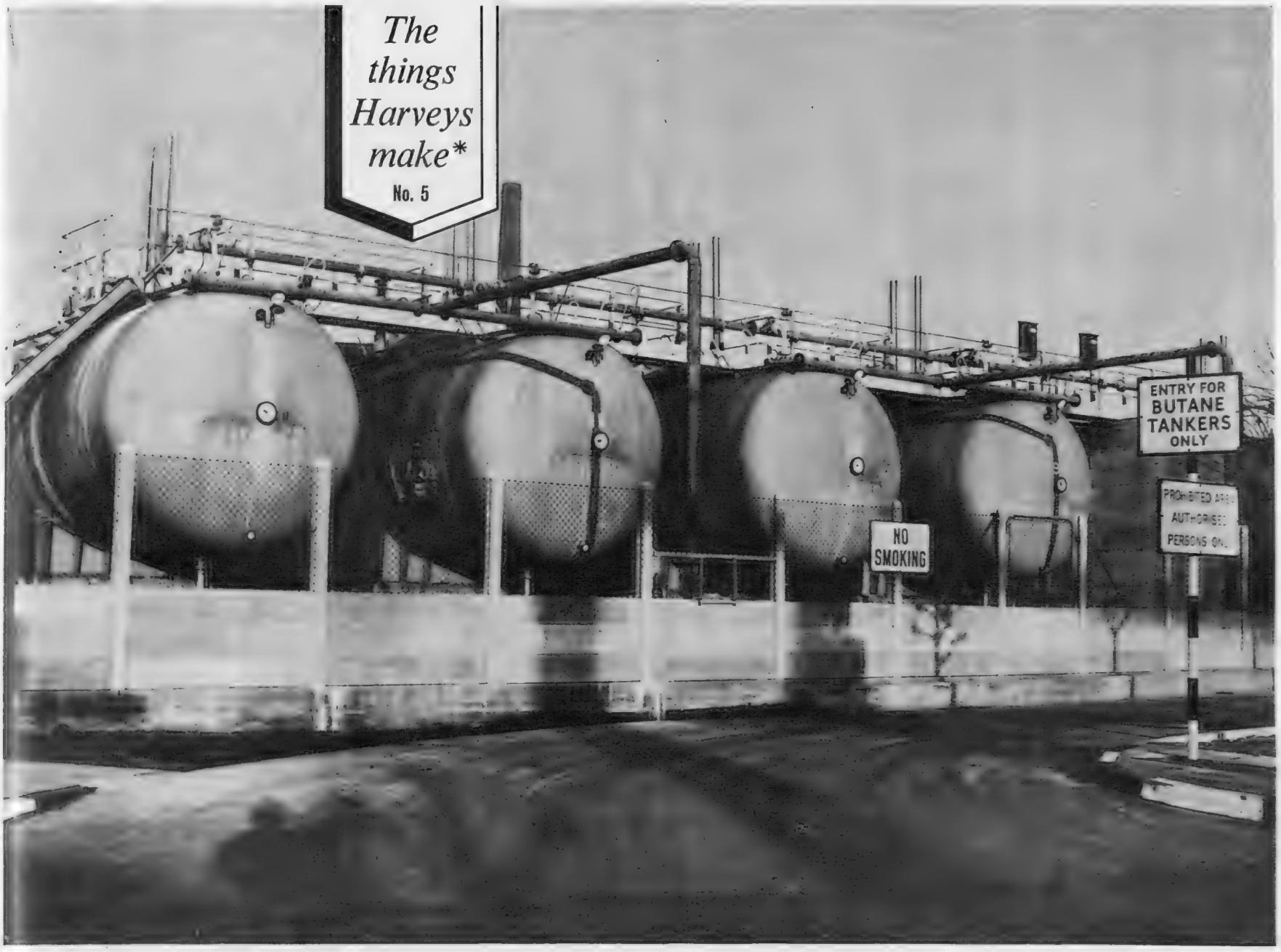
With the take-over of Ford of Britain by its American parent, Ford dealers' shares are the most direct way in which British investors can share in the Dagenham company's expansion. Apart from Godfrey Davis, a number of Ford dealers have appeared on the London Stock Exchange over the past year or so. Each firm covers a single area—so that national network is not possible under present conditions.

One dealer of this sort has attracted a good deal of City interest since shares were offered to the public in 1959. This is Bristol Street Motors, a Birmingham group which is one of the largest Ford main dealers in the country. Profits have shown a steady upward trend over the last ten years, and total sales reached £3,800,000 in 1961.

While the general reasons for buying garage companies' shares are clear enough, a particular group's success must depend largely on management and on general expansion in the area it supplies. Kennings is the nearest to a national company, while both Caffyns and Bristol Street Motors are efficient groups serving prosperous areas. People who are particularly impressed by the potential of off-the-street parking or car hire will choose Lex Garages or Godfrey Davis.

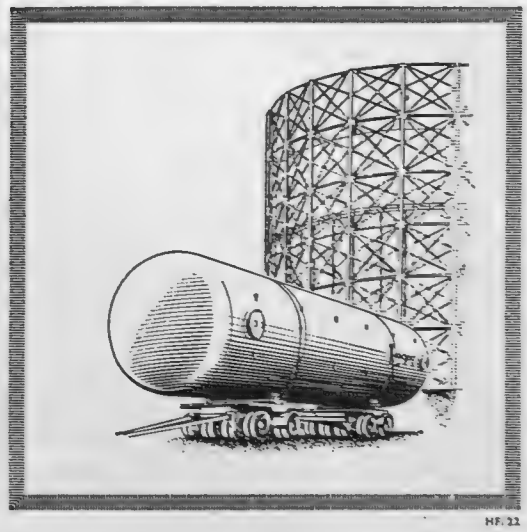
*The things Harveys make**

No. 5



Butane Tanks for Segas

THE PROBLEM was to meet peak demands for gas without increasing productive capacity. The solution for the South Eastern Gas Board was this butane installation at East Greenwich Gas Works, for which Harveys fabricated twelve storage vessels each measuring 57 ft. overall by 12 ft. diameter. Time was the essence of the contract, and delivery was made to target date. Further orders followed for Dover, Brighton and Wandsworth works. Orders have also been placed by Northern Gas Board for installations at their Elswick, Redheugh and Sunderland works. Harveys have been associated with other recent developments in the gas industry; two 120 ft. absorber columns were supplied for oil gasification on the Isle of Grain; two 180 ft. high-pressure towers and two 55 ft. storage vessels for Lurgi gasification at Westfield in Scotland.



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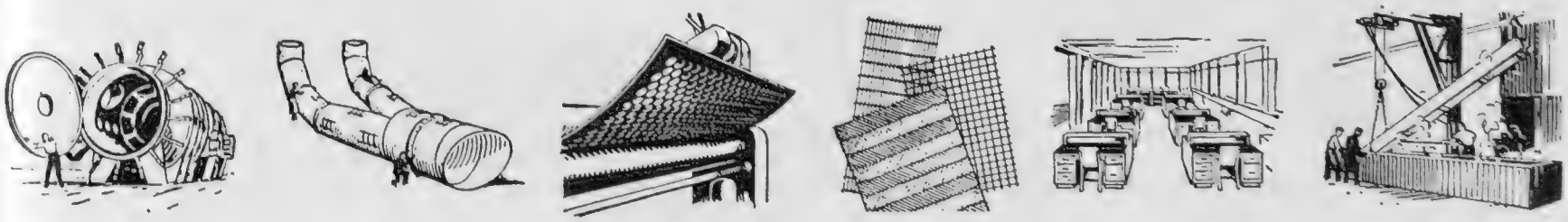


MOTORING

PROTECTING THE MOTORIST

The M.G. Midget; the Rover 3-litre; a machine for testing safety belts

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Motorists have greeted enthusiastically the Motor Agents' Association's "Fidelity Scheme" which has as its object the protection of the motoring public against unscrupulous or dishonest dealers. The Association does not, of course, admit there are any dealers in these categories, but say the scheme is designed to demonstrate the high standards of fairness and workmanship maintained by the trade.

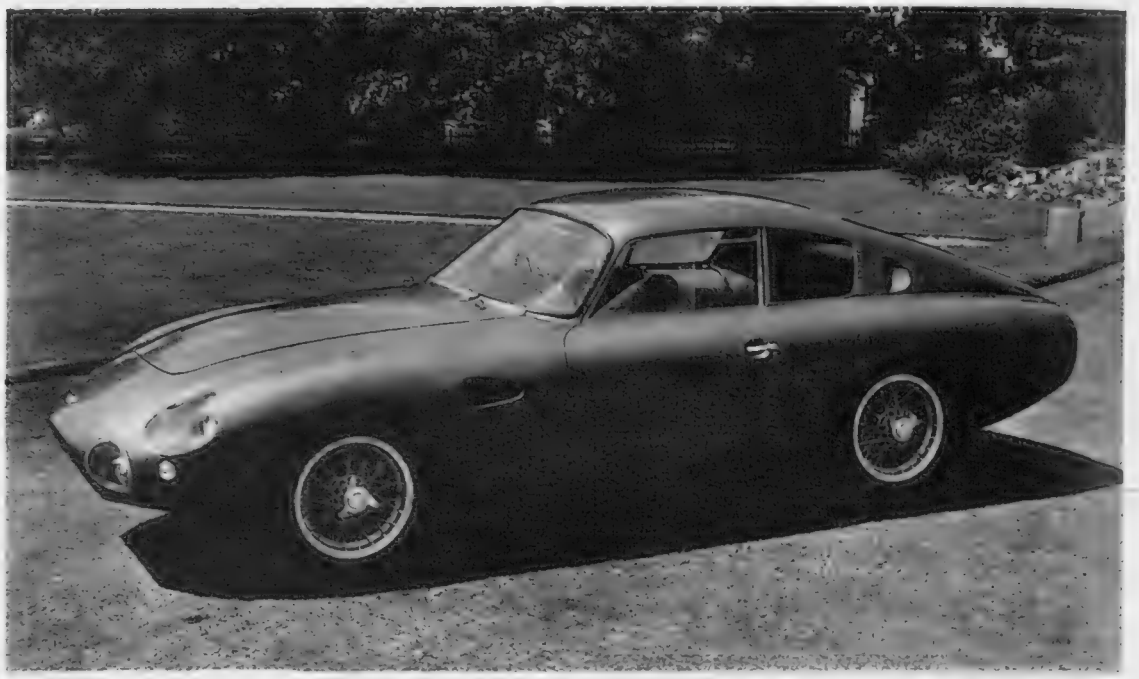
It is an optional scheme, though the M.A.A. hopes that between 75 and 85 per cent. of its 20,000 members will join. Those who do link up with it will pledge themselves to submit to the decision of an independent arbitrator any complaints from customers regarding the sale of used cars which allegedly do not come up to the salesman's description of them; and complaints about repair work whether it is alleged over-charging or faulty workmanship.

In the first instance the Association will contact the garage concerned, and it hopes that the matter will be put right in correspondence. If, however, the garage challenges the customer's complaints the Association engages an arbitrator, independently appointed by the Institute of Arbitrators. If engineering inspection is necessary—as it probably will be in most cases—use is made of an assessor appointed by the Institute of Automobile Assessors. The Arbitrator has before him signed statements by both garage and complaining customer, plus the report of any engineer who has been engaged.

Members of the M.A.A. who join this scheme will display outside their premises a distinctive sign incorporating a stylised letter F (for "Fidelity"). The M.A.A. believes this is the first scheme of its kind to be adopted anywhere in the world. It is due to start at the end of next month. I think the motor trade is to be congratulated on launching it and motorists will hope that most of the Association's members will join it.

I have recently made two Continental trips in two very different types of car and both of which proved very effective for the use I was making of them.

To Holland I took the trim little M.G. Midget in its hard-top coupé form. The Midget costs £650, including tax, in open two-seater form. The hard-top costs £82 10s. extra. It is a willing little car and in Holland its compact lines and purposeful air attracted a good deal of attention. Perhaps its vivid red colouring had something to do with it, too.



The new Aston Martin "Project 212" of revolutionary shape, evolved from wind-tunnel tests. This is the car in which Mr. David Brown returns to motor racing in the Le Mans 24-hour race this weekend. It has an aluminium, 6-cylinder, 3,996-c.c. engine with twin overhead camshafts developing 345 brake/horse power at 6,000 r.p.m.

The Midget has a 948-c.c. engine with twin S.U. carburettors and a 9 to 1 compression ratio. I made its top speed to be about 88 m.p.h. (with 70 in third) and an acceleration rate of 0 to 50 m.p.h. in 12½ seconds. The close-ratio gear-box has a well-placed lever, though it was a little stiff in operation on the model I was using. I got a petrol mileage figure of just over 40 to the gallon, although I often drove the car hard along the Dutch motorways.

The seats are comfortable and there is room behind them for luggage. I would not like to have to carry children in the back. I was a little disappointed by the brakes, and consider that discs at the front would be an improvement.

I took the M.G. to Holland on the Channel Air Bridge service from Southend to Rotterdam. This left me with only about 50 miles of easy motoring to do to get to Amsterdam, where I was staying. In the off-peak period in which I travelled and which lasts until June 30 it costs £7 each way for the car and £10 16s. 6d. return for me and my wife. These were 23-day excursion tickets which are available to people travelling weekdays, and my total air ferry bill was £35 13s.

A late spring enabled us to see the Dutch bulb fields at their best and I was captivated by the Dutch bulb industry's "shop window" at the Keukenhof, near Lisse. Our M.G. also took us to charming Dutch towns like Haarlem; Delft, where the famous ware is made; and Gouda, home of the well-known cheese of that name.

I went to Strasbourg in a Rover 3-litre on the inaugural service of the Channel Air Bridge's latest long-distance car ferry from Southend. I mentioned last week what good value this service offers to the motorist who wants to cut out the relatively uninteresting drive across France before he gets to the place chosen for the family holiday.

In this article I would like to record how well the Rover performed during a fascinating tour of Alsace. It is a big, roomy, quiet-running car without any pretention to extreme or even advanced styling; a car which gives an impression of solid reliability.

This version of the Rover has a 6-cylinder engine of 2,995 c.c. which gives a top speed of nearly 100 m.p.h. and a good surge of power at all times, providing you are in the right gear.

Five big people can sit in it in comfort, the road-holding is good and confidence was inspired by the Girling disc brakes. Full marks, too, for the power-assisted steering which helps to make this a car easy to drive while still giving a measure of "feel" of the road, as I found when driving fast along the famous Alsatian "Route du Vin." In these sunny vineyards are produced some of the choicest Rieslings and Sylvaners.

Alsace is a part of France, close to the Rhine, which is worthy of study by all Britons planning a motoring holiday. It has charming scenery, lovely fairy-tale castles and fascinating old towns among which I would highly rate Riquewihr. I should mention that the price of the 3-litre Rover fitted with overdrive (which I found very useful) is £1,772 including tax.

"Charley Kite," the dummy used in the testing of safety belts, comes crashing to a halt at 40 m.p.h.

The "dynamic" machine for testing safety belts, installed at a cost of £10,000 by the British Standards Institution at their Hemel Hempstead (Hertfordshire) test centre, is now in operation. Soon it will be used as part of the test which safety belts will have to pass in order to qualify for the Institution's kite mark.

The "dynamic" test rig, claimed to be the most advanced of its kind in the world, comprises a 100-ft. track along which a steel trolley weighing half a ton is projected at speeds of up to 40 m.p.h. The distance in which the trolley—bearing a safety-belted dummy driver weighing 14 stone—is brought from rapid motion to a dead stop is scientifically controlled and can be varied between 3 ft. and 3 ins.

The rig has been built by Morfax Ltd., of Mitcham, Surrey. It is driven by roller chain. It has a front wedge which drives into opposing wedges, the thrust of which is adjusted to control the required drive-in and deceleration distance. The rig has taken nearly a year to plan and design the new test equipment but its actual construction took only four months.

(*Continued on page 488*)

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PROTECTING THE MOTORIST

(*Continued from page 486*)

The dummy is man-sized with fully movable head, arms and legs. They call him "Charley Kite." The existing static test, used at Hemel Hempstead for nearly two years in approving well over 1,000,000 kite-marked safety belts, will continue to be employed for the bulk of the Institution's routine testing.

"The advantage of the dynamic test," said Mr. Roy Binney, the British Standards Institute director, "is that it more closely simulates what happens in an accident, including impacts at an angle."

A book to increase the motorist's knowledge and enjoyment of the countryside has just been published. It is *The Shell Country Book*, by Geoffrey Grigson (Phœnix. 21s.).

It is written as a dictionary or encyclopædia of country lore. There are five sections: man, seen by his imprint on church, dwelling and village; the sky; birds and beasts; flowers and fruits; and man again, viewed in a practical and legal way.

Concise paragraphs tell about all sorts of unlikely things; dewponds (they don't fill themselves with dew), the saint who was roasted to death on a metal bedstead, stars you can see better by looking at them sideways, the differences between swallow, martin and swift and butterflies which smell of chocolate. They describe how the plant "lords and ladies" got its name, how to recognise an aspen or a whitebeam and what the public's rights are at a squeezebelly or kissing-gate.

A real love and understanding of the countryside runs through the 350 pages of the book. The coloured illustrations are selected from the well-known Shell and BP series of counties, birds and wild life.

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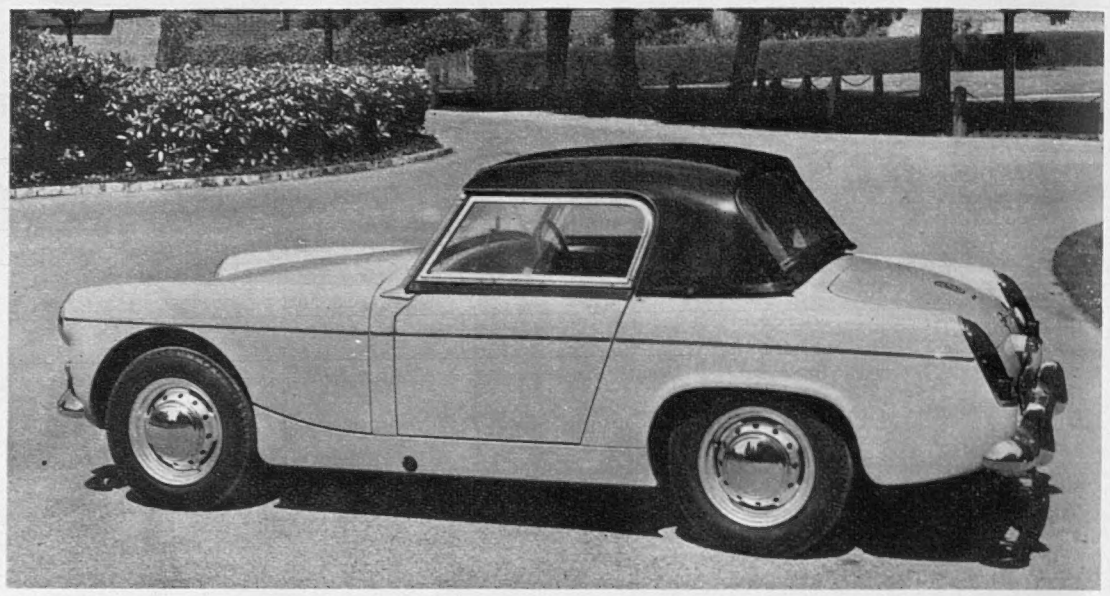

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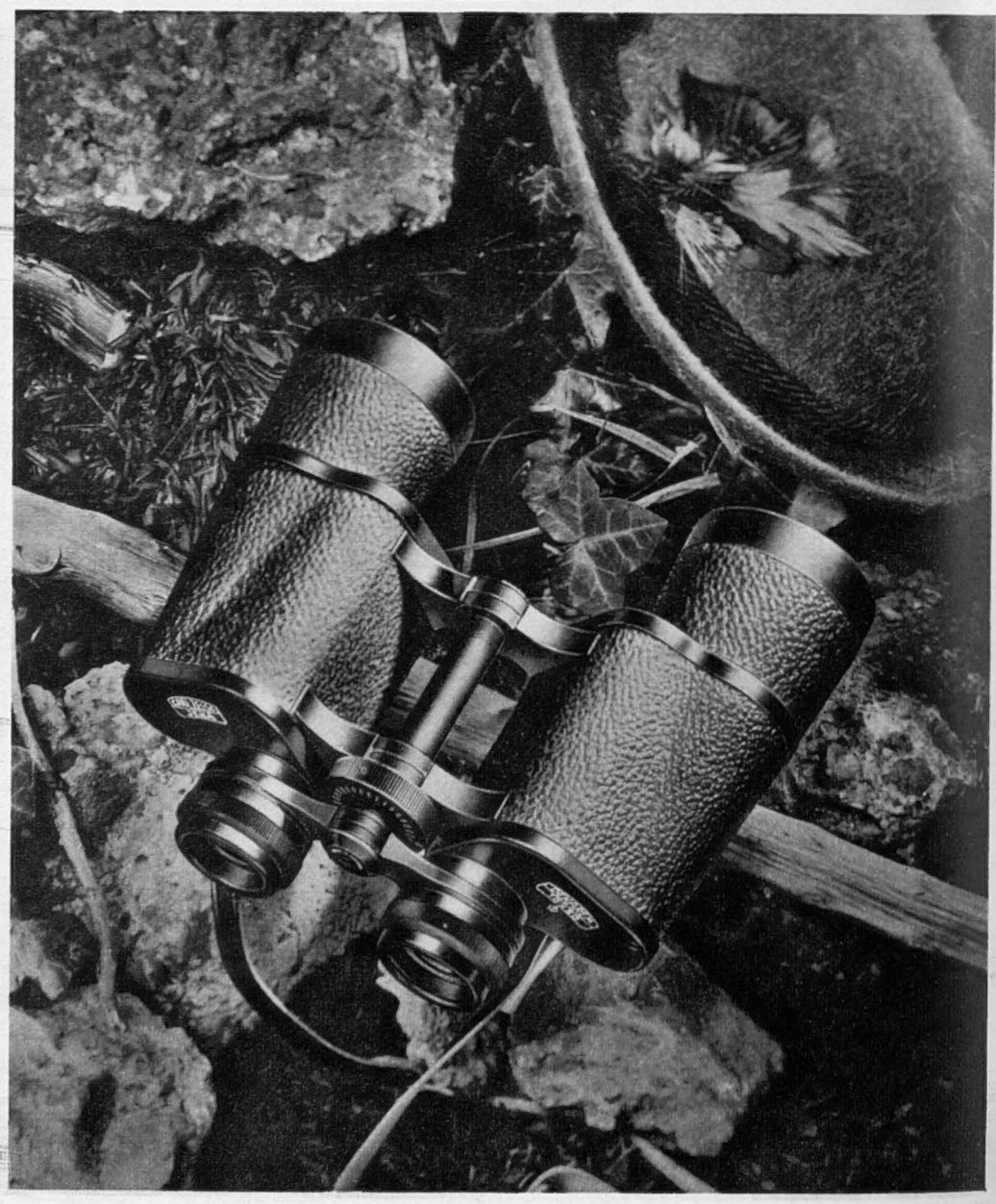

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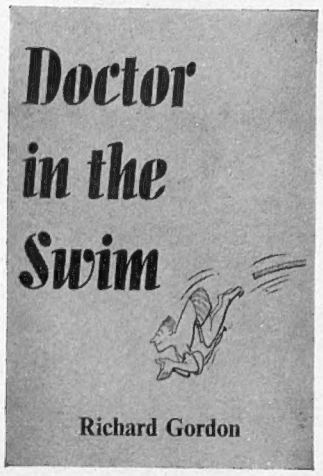

DOCTOR IN THE SWIM

RICHARD GORDON

(13/6)

"Why don't they prescribe Dr. Gordon's tonics on the National Health?"

STANLEY JACKSON
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MICHAEL JOSEPH

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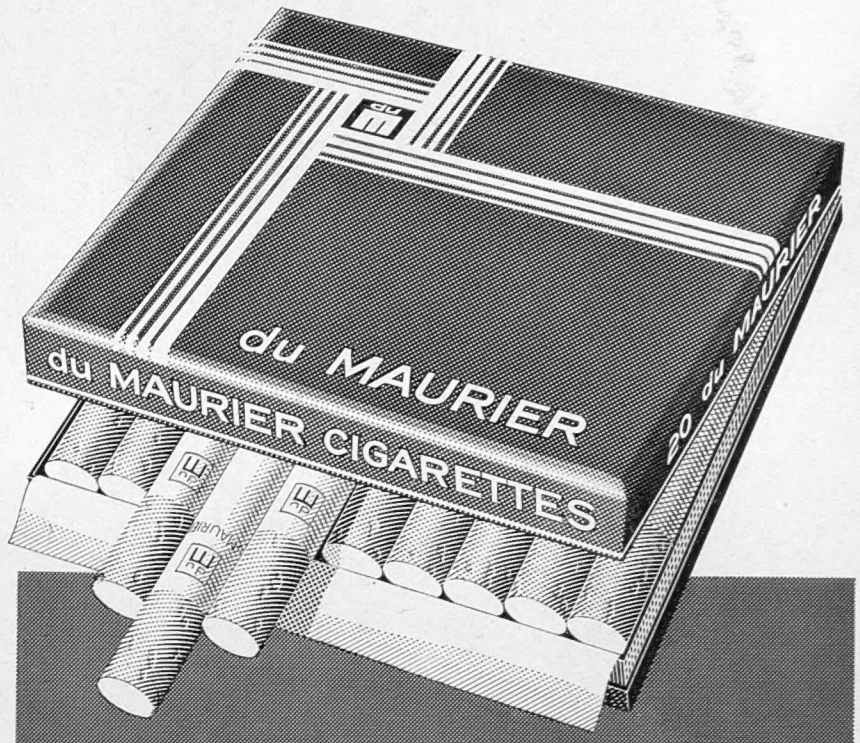

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